

# THE LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, Art, & Society.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No. 24.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 3d.]

## THE LAST NEWS FROM CHINA.

**PUBLIC** attention, so capricious in its objects of interest, is at this moment riveted, and not without reason, upon the operations of our arms and diplomacy in China. Each mail, as it arrives, not only brings us intelligence of thrilling incidents that have occurred, but stops, like an exciting tale in a periodical, at the most critical moment, condemning us to a fortnight of intense suspense and vague conjecture. Speculation as to what is to happen next is varied with dogmatic assertion as to what we ought to do. And we remark that the most decided opinions are expressed upon the subject by those who have had no personal experience either of the country or the people, whose acts and probable policy they discuss.

It is only natural that this should be the case. Those who are familiar with the Chinese know how impossible it is to predicate anything of so eccentric and incomprehensible a race, and wisely abstain from committing themselves to any decided view as to the best policy for Lord Elgin to pursue in the very difficult position in which he is placed. It will be easier for us to point out these difficulties than to show him the way out of them; safer to advert to the different courses open to the Chinese diplomatists, than to prophesy which they will adopt.

There can be no doubt that it was not Lord Elgin's original intention to take Peking; the experience of the first expedition in '58 had convinced him that a rapid advance on the capital would frighten away the Emperor, and involve a most embarrassing situation. He therefore entertained the proposals of Kweiliang at Tien-tsin. Knowing that they would end in nothing, never intending that they should stop him there, but desirous of showing the Emperor that he was more anxious to treat than to capture Peking. The delays on the march from Taku to Tung-chow, apart from being necessary for transport purposes, produced the desired effect, and the Emperor still remained at Peking, when the commissioners Isai and I were sent with full powers to meet the ambassadors. It was arranged that negotiations should take place outside the walls, and that the ambassadors should afterwards pay a visit to the Emperor, accompanied by an escort of 2,000 men. These plans were foiled by the rashness and folly of Sang-Kolinsin, who, probably acting without orders, as he has always done hitherto, thwarted the policy of the commissioners by massing his troops in the neighbourhood of the proposed camping-ground, with a view, doubtless, to a sudden attack upon our troops. Hostilities were unfortunately precipitated by the untoward incident of the French officer and his mule, at the very moment when Mr. Parkes and his comrades were cut off from retreat by the battle which was raging between them and their own camp.

By the treacherous course of the Tartar general, which, we believe, he took partly upon his own responsibility, and partly by the advice of the war party in Peking, the hopes of the Chinese Commissioners to avert the capture of the city and the flight of the Emperor were defeated, and Lord Elgin found that he was compelled to involve himself in the difficulties he had foreseen by an act of violence, which it had been his object up to that moment to avoid.

It is all very well for a leading cotemporary to talk of substituting the Ming for the Tartar dynasty, as though a change of dynasty in China was effected as easily as a change of government here. These changes have frequently taken place in the history of China, but have always been preceded by half a century of anarchy and civil

fusion. Four hundred millions of people don't all agree to submit to the rule of the new comers without expressing their own views on the subject. Nor will the Tartars see their authority slip from their grasp, even though the revolution is attempted to be effected under the auspices of a few Europeans. If Lord Elgin is going to superintend a change of dynasty in China, as has been kindly proposed for him, with the aid of twelve men who speak the language, and six thousand allies to keep order until he has put the Canton shopkeeper who heads the rebellion into the Imperial yellow, we do not envy him his task.

If, on the other hand, he entices the Emperor back to Peking by a speedy evacuation, his own movement on Tientsin will be considered a retreat, and the Emperor's return be regarded as a triumph. The occupation of Peking during the winter is the alternative decided upon; we cannot venture an opinion of its expediency. We see all the objections; perhaps, were we on the spot, we should perceive more clearly the advantages. The objections appear to be,—first, that an occupation of Peking may force upon the Chinese Government a permanent change of capital, inaccessible to our troops, and from the recesses of which the Government may pursue its old dogged and obstinate policy with impunity; secondly, that the occupation of Peking implies a continuation of hostilities; for the Chinese are not likely to sign a treaty which contains as a stipulation the military occupation of their capital. The garrison must therefore make up its mind to stand a siege by the whole available fighting population of Tartary throughout the entire winter. We do not pretend at this distance to judge of the capabilities of our army, or of the advantages of their position for resistance. We presume they will scarcely depend for supplies upon a line of communication 120 miles long, when the thermometer is at 20° below zero, and the Peiho frozen four feet thick.

The flight of all the authorities is an invariable result of the capture of a Chinese town. In addition, therefore, to maintaining themselves in Peking, the allies will find themselves compelled to institute some description of municipal government, or else see the city given up to pillage by the lower orders. There are at this moment three Englishmen conversant with the Chinese language with the army. The task of governing a city of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, not one of whom knows any language but his own, with only three interpreters; of establishing the necessary tribunals, police, prisons, &c., will be found difficult. These are a few of the objections. The advantages are to be found in the moral effect which the occupation of Peking will have upon the whole of China, and the probability that if we hold out till spring, we shall make a better treaty than we could now, always supposing that in the meantime neither the dynasty nor the capital are destroyed.

The Emperor may either sulk at Yehol, his present retreat, and refuse to treat, hoping to worry us out; or he may pretend to treat, hoping to take us in; or he may really treat, seeing that his only chance is to make the best of it. But the basis of any negotiation which is likely to last will probably be the evacuation of Peking before winter. That settled, all the other points would be conceded; one of these should be the occupation of Tien-tsin, as a material guarantee. We should have little fear of our resident minister being treated with disrespect, with a British force in permanent garrison at Tien-tsin, which is connected by a short line of communication with the sea, and affords a strong natural military position.





The distance to Takoo is only thirty-six miles, the country is a dead level, and where it is under water during the rains a causeway is already made. If we are very desirous of spending some more money on China, we have only to lay down a railway to Tientsin, and we should do more towards forcing good faith upon the Chinese Government than by any number of troops. The unusual interval which has elapsed between the arrival of the telegram and the full details has compelled us rather to start conjectures than to lay down theories, we trust that the mail now hourly expected may relieve our minds of some of those forebodings which have been excited by the telegraph.

#### FRENCH AND ENGLISH LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THE Parisian journals do not seem to have received with any fervour of gratitude, if with any gratitude at all, the instalment of freedom which the Emperor, by a sudden *coup-d'état*, and by his own volition, has just bestowed upon them. With few exceptions they either sulk in silence, or attempt to undervalue the concession, not because it is not good so far as it goes, but because it is not so large as they would like. But as impartial spectators, we, in this country, cannot refrain from thinking that our brethren of the French press are in the wrong, and that the boon is not only of great present and still greater proximate value in itself, but in the manner in which it has been accorded by the Emperor, and supported by his new Minister.

French journalists do not appear exactly to understand their own position or that of the Emperor, or the real social condition of the country. On all these points they might, if they would but study it attentively, find enlightenment in the admirable circular of M. de Persigny to the prefects of the Departments. Lucid, logical and comprehensive, the circular shows that M. de Persigny has not lived in vain among the English people, that he has been no careless student of our manners or of our liberty, and that he knows how to draw from the written lessons of past history the necessary guidance for acting the history of the future. There need, in fact, be no mistake on the part of the leaders of public opinion about the degree of liberty of discussion which the Emperor can with safety permit, if they will carefully study the exposition of English freedom of the press, which the new Minister of the Interior has placed before them for their instruction. And if they do not turn this instalment of liberty to profitable account, both for journalism and for the country, they will but prove once again what has often been proved before, that France, with all its enlightenment and all its intellectual activity, is not ripe enough either to comprehend true liberty, or to enjoy it.

There can be no true liberty without some degree of restraint. Liberty without law is simply licentiousness and anarchy. It has been said that a Frenchman's idea of liberty is, that he, A. or B., should do as he pleases; but that C. or D., or any one else, should not enjoy the same privilege. But taking a more favourable view of the French character in this respect, it may nevertheless be said that French writers are too theoretical to be practical, and too impatient of existing circumstances that do not fit precisely into their ideal, to tolerate, as they ought to do, the great world of facts that lies around them. "I am afraid the French will never be a free people," said the poet Beranger, to an English poet who breakfasted with him at Passy. "They are far too impatient. You Englishmen are slow, cautious, and tolerant. By patient labour you have built up the house of your liberty—putting in a door here, and a window there; adding a chimney or a wing, or a spare bedroom, as circumstances dictated at the time; and paying no regard to the symmetry of the edifice. If at any time a chimney was blown down, or a window-frame shattered by a storm, you rebuilt the chimney and mended the window; and made the house weather-tight as before. Not so, we Frenchmen. Our edifice of liberty must be geometrical and mathematical. If there be the least defect in it, we do not remedy the defect as you do, but pull the whole house down and build up another on a different model. We are such utter theorists that we fight with facts, instead of making friends with them; and for these and other reasons I much fear that many years must pass before we are fit for any other form of government than a military autocracy." This was said in January 1848, and the events of the last twelve years have singularly verified the sagacity of the speaker.

We have only to reflect a little on the past and present history of France and the French, to be convinced that it is utterly impossible, and that if it were possible, it would be suicidally foolish, for the Emperor to let go all hold over the French press, and to allow it to discuss such a topic, for example, as his own right to the throne, subject to no other control than the prosecution of the offender, and his trial before a jury of his countrymen. This is what a portion of the Parisian press would like; but it is a degree of liberty, or rather of licentiousness, which could not be tolerated in England at the present day, and which, as M. De Persigny shows in his admirable circular, was not tolerated at any period of English history.

When a dynasty is not thoroughly established and secured upon the throne—when there are rival claimants to supreme power,

supported by powerful parties in the State, and founding their claims upon their legitimacy, or the illegality of the revolution that overthrew them—the man in possession, whoever he may be, cannot, and ought not, to permit the press to discuss his title. That is the position of the Emperor; and it is a proof of his wisdom, as well as of his power, that he has seen fit to relax in any degree at all, the stringency of his grasp over the journalism of Paris, and permit it to discuss freely the acts and policy of his government. He has reinstated France in the high European position which it held under his uncle. He has silenced the voice of unreasoning factions. He has given the country breathing-time for material progress; and, whatever his other faults may have been, he has atoned to the bulk of the people for all mistakes or shortcomings, by the simple fact, so intelligible and so dear to all Frenchmen,—that he has lifted the French flag from the mire in which it was cast at Waterloo; and from which neither Louis XVIII., Charles X., or Louis Philippe had the power, even if they had the will, to raise it. "*Il a relevé notre drapeau!*" Such is the exclamation and feeling of the people; and having by this means strengthened his position, his throne, his dynasty, and his system, he has done well to invite the press to break the silence originally enforced upon it, for the prevention of civil war, and to discuss, public affairs, and the whole action of the Government, as the English press does, and has long been accustomed to do, within limits compatible with the existence of the throne, and the personal respect due to its occupant.

We cannot think this a small concession. We cannot think our Parisian contemporaries right in sulking at, or refusing to take advantage of it. If any attempt to create sedition or to propagate treason be still reserved for the Minister to deal with, and not for discussion before a jury, a justification is to be found in the fact that France is yet in a state of chronic revolution, that there is a party of Red Republicans, silent but not extinct; a party of Legitimists, backed by priestly and aristocratic influence; and a party of Orleanists, too recently dispossessed of power to be altogether friendless. It is evident, if all these factions and parties were allowed to speak as they please on the character and pretensions of the actual chief of the state, that a bloody civil war might speedily be the issue of the liberty which they abused.

There may not always be ministers in France so pure and so upright as M. de Persigny; and if the writers for the Parisian press have not the ordinary common sense and worldly sagacity to understand the value and importance of the movement in favour of free discussion which the Emperor has made, and which a minister like M. de Persigny has been charged to carry into effect, they will only prove once more, and perhaps more disastrously than ever, that the chiefs of journalism are even less liberal than the military chief of the State, and that the real interests of liberty are to be sacrificed for barren and pedantic theories, impossible of realization.

#### A "STATE TRIAL" AT BERLIN.

WHEN Prince William of Prussia assumed the regency a few years ago, he declared that his intention was "to make moral conquests in Germany." To judge from the result of the recent trial at Berlin, this resolution of his has been attended with very indifferent success. All Germany is at this moment loud in its indignation, not only at the spectacle of utter depravity which has been revealed in the management of the Prussian police, but still more at the removal from his post of that man who, in his capacity of Procureur du Roi, had undertaken to stand forth and unmask this system of villany. It had been expected that this trial would end with the overthrow and punishment of the hated Director of Police, Stieber, to whose charge the Procureur Schwarcck had laid not ten, not twenty, not a hundred, but several hundred cases of the most shameful arbitrary interference with the personal liberty of the subject,—this monstrous accumulation of lawless acts being by no means a complete record of Stieber's criminal career, but merely a chapter embracing the events of a few months, taken at random by the Attorney-General to serve as an illustration.

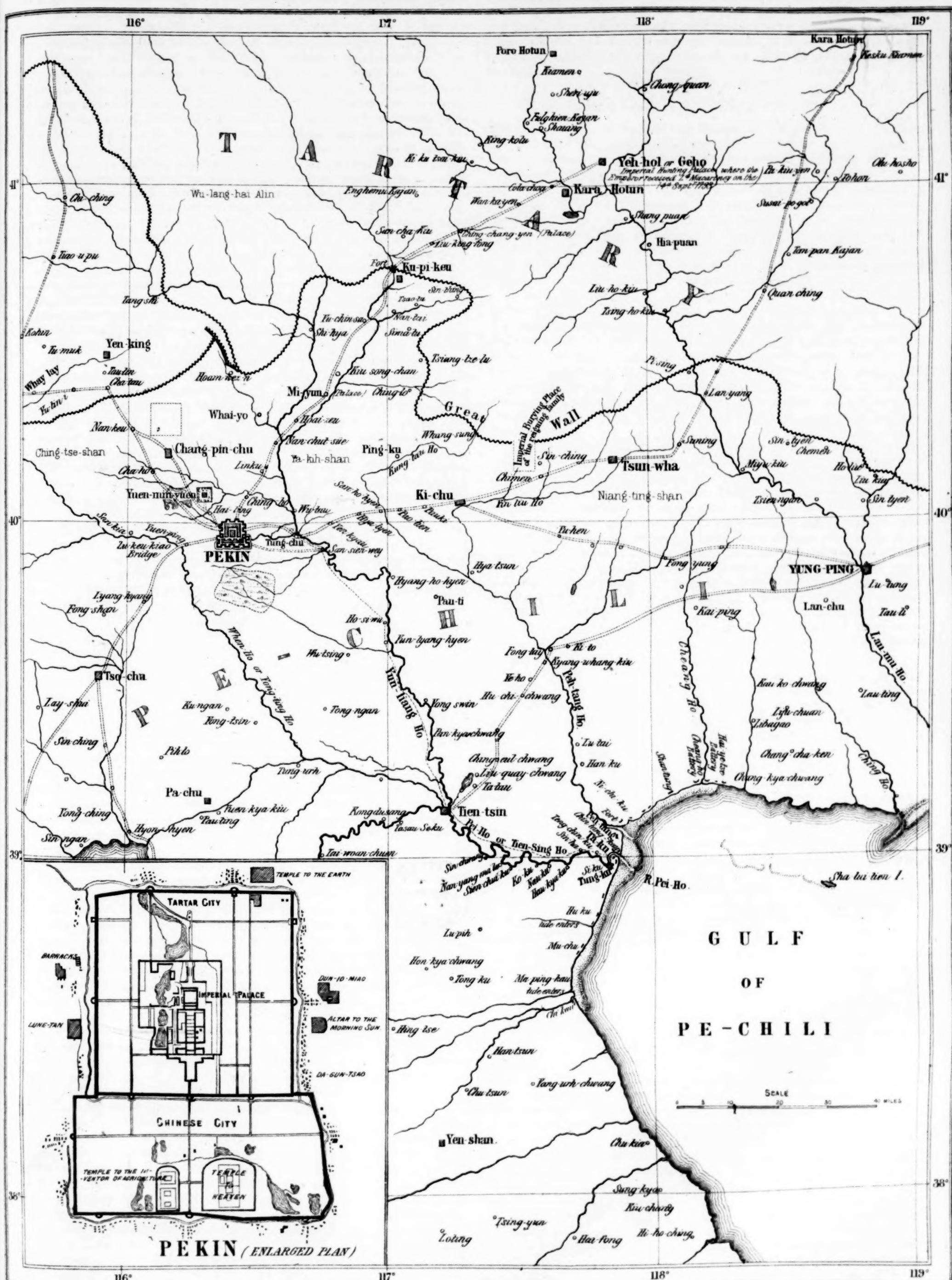
But instead of Stieber suffering the penalty of the law for offences which remind us of the worst times of the tyranny and the *delatores* system of the imperial era of Rome, he is triumphantly acquitted—and, what is more abominable still, Schwarcck, the representative of justice, is forthwith removed from his official position! Yes, incredible as it may sound, the acquittal of the hated leader of police braves is followed in less than twenty-four hours by the dismissal of the magistrate who had ventured to arraign him. For the sake of appearances, it is true, Stieber, subsequently to the fall of the Procureur, receives "leave of absence from the performance of his duties for a time," though, of course, with no loss of pay and pension. The great fact, however, remains, that justice, in her struggle against the brutal encroachments of the police, has had to succumb; and that the mouthpiece of Justice has been made to suffer for his temerity in endeavouring to restore a legal state of things. With grief and anger honest liberals of all classes regard this miserable sight. "Is it in



# MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA.

## PEKIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

WITH ENLARGEMENT OF THE CITY OF PEKIN.







this way," they exclaim, "that the Regent intends making *moral conquests* in Germany?"

It is well worth while to study somewhat more closely the genesis of the terrible revelations which have oozed out during this recent trial, on the Manteuffel and Hinckeldey system, as well as on the pleasing peculiarities of the present *régime* in Prussia. In May of this year, the Director of the Police, together with another functionary *ejusdem farinae*, was accused before the Stadt-Gericht, of a criminal employment of official power. They were charged with having extorted money by violent threats from various persons, whom, in their capacity as functionaries of the police, they had arrested and kept in confinement for weeks, in defiance of the provisions of the law on personal freedom. The cases were made out clearly enough, at least as regards the infringement on the rights of personal security. But here the Director of the Police insisted, as a main point of his defence, that the Minister of Justice,—nay, the Attorney-General himself, had sanctioned those illegal procedures. "There have been cases," he said, "when the Minister of Justice, with the avowed knowledge of the Ober-Staatsanwalt Schwark, has kept persons politically suspected, during weeks, nay, months, in provisional imprisonment, without any judicial order being given or asked for, and without those persons having undergone any inquiry before a judge. Again, those persons have been released equally without inquiry or accusation being instituted against them. Now, if the Ministry of Justice itself has paid so little respect to the special laws of the case, is it reasonable to charge on the police an excess of severity?"

These allegations, if true, would show Prussia to have been ruled according to a pattern hitherto supposed to be only in vogue in the most despotic states—such as Russia or the Naples of the late King Bomba. Unfortunately, in spite of the worthlessness of the witness in this case, we can have no doubt that he spoke the truth. He himself was a vile tool of tyranny, but he was right in declaring that there were other such tools in the higher regions of Government. He had done a good share of the dirty work of those famous "Saviours of Society," who, in November 1848, overthrew the constitution, gagged the press, drove into exile some of the most moderate defenders of the law, and restored at Berlin the right divine of the King to govern wrong. But for all that, it must be acknowledged that, guilty as he himself was, and fully deserving, as he did, an exemplary punishment, the fountain of offence was somewhat higher up than in the bureau of the Director of Police.

The first trial of Stieber, before the Stadt-Gericht, ended with his acquittal—a monstrous judicial decision, which scandalized the country. It ought to be stated here, that besides the charges of abuse of power, extortion of money, and so forth, brought against him officially, there is scarcely a crime, in a social sense, of which the public voice, and even the non-Prussian press, has not accused him of being guilty. On this point we refrain, however, from offering any opinion, confining ourselves to the circumstances connected with his second trial, which, like its predecessor, has resulted in another triumph of the guilty party. On being acquitted by the Stadt-Gericht, he was prosecuted, in the second instance, before the Kammer-Gericht, the Procureur du Roi making use of the time elapsing between May and November, to get up a register of cases of violence and illegal acts committed by Stieber. Armed with those documents, the Crown Attorney came forth to the attack, in the halls of justice, with an emphatic retrospective review of the *régime* of Manteuffel and his police president Hinckeldey, which latter, it will be remembered, ended his career in a duel some few years' since, having ventured to meddle as firmly with the vices of the aristocracy as he was wont tyrannically to infringe on the rights of the rest of the population. This review of the Staatsanwalt Schwarck, embracing as it does also the more recent rule of the police president Von Zedlitz, remains a monument of contemporary history, such as is seldom found in judicial annals. If a Prussian henceforth desires to expose the iniquity from which his country has suffered—and it may be added still suffers—he has only to point to the incidents of this notorious "State Trial" of Justice *versus* the Police. There it will be seen, in spite of the verdict of "not proven" given by a slavish magistrature, that Prussia, in appearance a country with representative institutions, has still the canker of irresponsible government eating into her very core. And this impression will certainly not be weakened when the fact is added that the Procureur, who officially revealed to the world these hideous blots of political morality, was forthwith disgraced by the Regent.

This Berlin trial, coupled with the one still going on at Vienna in the affair of Richter, and the suicide of Bruck and Eynatten, brings to recollection a series of similar trials and horrible occurrences in high life, which heralded in at Paris the catastrophe of 1848. It is an ominous sign in the life of States when the public conscience has just influence enough to bring about such ugly revelations, without any corresponding power on the part of the people to cause the proper reward to be meted out to the guilty parties. A strong despotic Government, which can suppress the truth, may save itself for a time from the consequences of its own misdeeds. On the other hand, a nation with free institutions, into which some foul elements

may have crept, can still purify, without danger, the political atmosphere by the aid of publicity, and the even-handed dealing out of justice to the offenders. But a country where there is just enough publicity to rouse the anger of the people against those that outrage the law, but which yet lacks sufficient popular strength to ensure their punishment—such a country, indeed, is in a chronic state of irritation, and any crisis from abroad may shake its political fabric to the base.

#### RAILWAY PROPERTY.

It appears that, in the ensuing Session of Parliament, no less than 302 bills will be brought forward to extend or improve existing lines of railway. Should these projects be all judicious and well considered, we should hail the announcement with much satisfaction, for railways have been amazingly beneficial, and much undoubtedly is required to be done to extend and complete the great work. Every town and village must either have its railway, or be within a convenient distance from a station, to equalize the markets, and the advantages of communication to all. For new works the time seems favourable, as none of any consequence now promise to provide employment for the ever-increasing multitudes.

A continual increase of the classes which can live without labour, is one of the features of modern society. Productive power being increased by knowledge and skill, the subsistence and necessities required are every year obtained by the labour of a smaller proportion of the community. On this account new enterprises must be continually undertaken to preserve peace and continue progress, and probably, at present, a large portion of the spare capital and labour which are always accruing—for they go together—cannot be more beneficially employed, than in extending and improving railway communication.

Putting aside all fancy schemes, the new enterprises required are indicated by high prices and high profits. Railways have led to a great increase in the demand for the produce of land and in farmer's profits. From all quarters of the kingdom accordingly, even from backward Dorsetshire, we learn that within the last few years cultivation has been more rapidly improved than ever before. The present prices of corn, cattle, and every kind of farm produce, call on the farmer to increase the supplies of food, but the power to increase them from the same area is very limited; and the want of them indicates the propriety of bringing a larger area into closer contiguity with the centres of consumption. At the same time railway proprietors and the projectors of new lines are excited to make additional exertions, by the dividends on the principal lines being now continually on the increase, and by the price of railway shares having now generally an upward tendency.

Thus, taking the London and North-Western as an example: the dividends in 1858 were £4 a share; in 1859 £4. 15s.; and in the first half of the present year £2. 10s.; while the traffic is continually increasing, promising for the whole of 1860 at least a £5 dividend. This is by no means the most flattering example of the increase of railway dividends; but it is the safest and the soundest, and admits of no doubt as to its having been fully earned. Of some other companies it may be doubted whether they keep up their rolling stock and their plant to the fullest efficiency, and allow no necessary part of it to deteriorate. Their dividends are, perhaps, not always paid out of earnings. But this is undoubtedly not the case with this great company, which has raised no less a sum than £36,400,000.

When we consult the market price of shares, we find the following figures:—

#### PRICE OF SHARES.

	Week ending Dec. 10th, 1859.	Week ending Dec. 8th, 1860.
London and North-Western .....	98½	101
Lancashire and Yorkshire .....	99½	120½
Midland .....	108½	136
London, Brighton, and South-Coast	114	116½
Consols .....	95½ ex d.	94

The general fact indicated by these returns is a considerable increase in the value of railway property since this time last year. We have placed Consols in the list as the best criterion of the value of money at the two periods, and according to them it was higher-priced in December, 1860, than in December, 1859. In fact, the bank minimum rate of discount was 2½ per cent. last year, and now it is 5. Consistently with this, Consols are now nearly 3 per cent. worse than they were then, while the worst of the railways quoted is 2 per cent. better. In the twelve months, then, railway property has become more and the public funds less valuable. Of course there are exceptions to the rise in railway property, and we are slow to believe that the great rise in Lancashire and Yorkshire and Midland shares is entirely justified by the condition of these railways. The London and South-Western shares, for example, were at this time last year 98 and are now 95. But, on the whole, railway property, in relation to funded property, has increased considerably in value in the year. We see these facts with great satisfaction. Of course, the dividends on the debt remain unaltered, while the dividends on the property



devoted to promote production have increased, testifying to the superior estimation in which it is now held.

From such facts we infer that our railways are surmounting the commercial difficulties by which, from the first, they have been surrounded. Speaking mechanically, they have been an undeviating success. Every difficulty has been readily overcome by ingenious contrivances, and we now possess a system of locomotion swift and safe, far beyond all previous fancy, but not yet complete. From commercial mismanagement, from ignorance, and sometimes from fraud, great sums of money were wasted; many persons suffered great losses; but now the management of railways seems to have passed out of incompetent hands, and they have become as safe as well as a valuable security. So safe as consols, railways perhaps can never be, because the former are placed under the guardianship of the national honour, while every railway must be trusted to the management of individuals, and may be mismanaged by them. Still, when it is remembered that public opinion watches alike over the honesty of statesmen and railway directors, and is the censor and guide of both, it may be doubted whether, in the long run, the security of railways, depending on their earnings, which promise to be always on the increase, may not be as good or better than the security of funds which rest altogether on taxation.

The continued improvement of railway property shows that the directors and numerous servants of the companies now fully understand their business. About 110,000 persons are employed on the "open" railways of the United Kingdom, all of whom have been trained by the railways themselves to perform a new and special work. They have all acquired a peculiar and new skill. They are, at the same time, forced, by the danger to which they are exposed, and by the nature of their occupation, to be punctual, careful, sober, orderly, and prudent. The habits engendered in them by the rail are extended to all who come in contact with them or travel by rail. Thus a great improvement in the habits of a large portion of the population—a superior moral training—can be distinctly traced to this important mechanical invention. It is an illustration of the now well-known fact, that new arts—such as the invention of gunpowder, of printing, and the telegraph—tend to the moral elevation of mankind, and to educate them in the best manner for the business of society. No impediment, therefore, should be placed in the way of new enterprises. The principle now indicated is of importance not only in itself, but from its bearings on many social questions. With this allusion to them, however, we must pass on to the less agreeable subject of cautioning those who are now bringing forward so many new railway projects.

It is, unfortunately, true that in the Parliamentary return No. 565 of the late Session there are enumerated about fifty distinct railway companies of which the dividend paid in 1859 was *nil*, and twenty-seven companies are mentioned with an authorized capital of £12,500,000 which have abandoned their undertakings. In the same return is a list of upwards of 200 Acts of Parliament which have been passed for the compulsory purchase of land required for the construction of railways, the powers of which have never been exercised, and the Acts expired previous to the end of last year. The length of lines authorized to be, and never made, was 2,545 miles, and the capital to be raised amounted to £41,117,954. It will be, we presume, moderate to suppose that these 200 Acts on the whole, taking £1,000 as the total cost of each, including all the preliminary expenses, wasted at least £2,000,000. The whole sum, whatever its exact amount, was absolutely thrown away on fruitless labour. We mention the fact in order to impress on those who are now to go to Parliament for the 302 new bills the necessity for caution. It should at the same time warn the Parliament that it brings discredit on its own labours by sanctioning so many worthless projects. Two or three hundred Acts of Parliament passed, only to be thrown aside as waste paper, are sufficient to damage the character of legislative authority, even although it be, like that of Great Britain, the most venerated and most venerable in the world.

ENGLAND IN 1736.—The following is Lord Herve's description of the state of England in the year 1736:—"The drunkenness of the common people was so universal by the retailing of a liquor called *gin*, with which they could get drunk for a groat, that the whole town of London, and many towns in the country, swarmed with drunken people of both sexes from morning to night, and were more like a scene of a Bacchanal than the residence of a civil society."

POSSESSIONS OF THE GREEK EMPERORS IN ITALY.—The possessions of the Eastern Emperors in Italy were considerable. Venice, Rome, Ravenna, Naples, Bari, and Tarentum were all capitals of wealthy and well-peopled districts. The province embracing Venice and Rome was governed by an imperial Viceroy, or Exarch, who resided at Ravenna, and hence the Byzantine possessions in Central Italy were called "the Exarchate of Ravenna." Under the orders of the Exarch, three governors, or "dukes," commanded the troops in Ravenna, Rome, and Venice. As the native militia, enrolled to defend the province from the Lombards, formed a considerable portion of the military force, the popular feeling of the Italians exercised some force over the soldiery. The same popular feeling which forced the Greeks out of Italy has lately expelled the Bourbons, and is making preparations for a great national war against the Austrians in Venice. The same scenes upon the same soil are re-enacting, after the lapse of more than a thousand years.

## RURAL ECONOMICS.

### THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE-SHOW.

THE Christmas show of the Smithfield Club is one of the institutions of the country. The next week but one before Christmas yearly sees arrayed at the Bazaar in Baker-street such a collection of fat cattle, sheep, and swine, as is not to be met with elsewhere. For four days, from the Tuesday to the Friday, the spacious bazaar, converted into a large stock-yard, is thronged with visitors of all degrees, the majority of whom have no other connection with agricultural affairs than a just appreciation of the value of good beef, mutton, and pork. Yet it is curious to mark the different classes of visitors on different days and at different times of the day. On the Tuesday, the first open day of the exhibition, the visitors are, for the most part, strictly professional examiners of the stock. They consist chiefly of farmers, squires, butchers, stock-dealers, or salesmen, and the like. Their inspection of the animals is earnest and precise, grave and business-like. The merits of each beast is discussed with knowledge, and the decisions of the judges are canvassed, criticised, or confirmed. This is the real agriculturists' day. If any London resident should go to the Baker-street show in the expectation of meeting with his friend the eminent breeder, or feeder, or agriculturist, let him go on the Tuesday, the first day. This is the day of business when most of the prime animals are sold. On the Wednesday morning, also, many landowners and topping farmers are to be met with; but after that the really rural element becomes less decided, and the spectators exhibit plain marks of nonrurality. Jokes on fat things, mixed with admiration not always discriminating, take the place of the curt and often inarticulate remarks—for eloquence and clear enunciation are not always found amongst the many good qualities of the feeders of fat oxen—on the stock, which are prevalent on the first day.

All, however, take great interest in the exhibition; for all perceive, more or less directly or distinctly, that which forms the moral of the Show, viz., the good service British husbandry is doing in providing food of good quality for the nation. Observe how this is accomplished. Look at that magnificent Short-horn steer in class 9—Short-horn steers not exceeding three years old—exhibited by the Duke of Beaufort, which obtained the first prize (£25) of his class, with a silver medal to the breeder. That animal is only two years nine months and two weeks old. He was fed by the Duke, but the breeder was Mr. Butler, a neighbouring farmer. Compare this steer with the two-year-olds of other countries, or even with those of this country which are kept roughly and ungenerously, and note what results may be produced by the care and good treatment of young animals. Look also at the second prize steer in the same class, that of Mr. Hulbert, of Cirencester, two years, eight months, and six days old; at the third prize, the steer bred and fed by Mr. Langston, M.P., at Sarsden, in Oxfordshire, two years and ten months of age; and at Mr. Richard Stratton's white steer, also two years and ten months old, which is "highly commended." Take the oxen in Class 10—above three years old. Mr. Baker's (of Cottesmore, Rutland) roan ox, which has obtained the first prize of his class, a silver medal for the breeder, and the gold medal as the best animal of all the ox and steer classes, is only three years and eight months old, and is a model for symmetry, quality, and size. The other oxen of his class, though conquered, are not unworthy competitors, and few of them exceed four years of age. Doubtless there is much art in bringing out such cattle at such early ages. It is the art which assists and develops nature. An animal of pure blood is selected to train and mould for competing as a steer at the Smithfield Club Show, and the breeder, adopting nature's own place, permits the calf to run with its dam till it is eight or nine months old. The dam is well fed, and the future prize steer soon learns to feed on linseed oil-cake and other fattening provender, as well as on its mother's milk, so that, by the time it is weaned, it can be maintained in the highest condition without milk. From that time to the day of its appearance in Baker-street, it is fed without stint on varied and most nutritious provender; its location is, perhaps, the large bay of an old barn; it is curried and cleaned with all the assiduity bestowed on a race-horse; and its slightest indication of disordered health is dealt with promptly and scientifically. All that skill, born of experience, can do to promote animal growth and development is done.

"Oh!" says some reader, "this can't pay; this is mere fancy farming!" Nothing of the sort. It is, undoubtedly carrying out a principle to its legitimate conclusion, and may not give a profitable money return for the food and labour spent upon the prize competing ox, especially if it should miss the winning prize after all. But, with a few accidental exceptions, prize beasts are fed in the way of business advertisements by professional breeders. They show what can be done with animals of their herd; they indicate where ordinary farmers and ordinary graziers—the men who supply directly the wants of the consuming public—can find the stock capable of being bred and fed most profitably. Thus it is that prize competition pays the competitors; and the visitor at Baker-street who exclaims against the waste of food in over-feeding the stock he contemplates, is greatly mistaken, for the prize beasts and cattle shows constitute a part of the vast and complex machinery by which our meat-supplies have attained their present considerable, but scarcely sufficient magnitude. Nor do the Short-horn breeders stand alone in these efforts of self-interest and public utility. Devon steers and oxen under and over three years old, Devon heifers not exceeding four years of age and exceeding that age, and Hereford, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Scotch, and Long-horned cattle, in corresponding classes, are all represented, and well represented, at the Smithfield Club. Nor are the specimens of these cattle shown far behind the Short-horns in correctness of form, maturity, and good quality. Perhaps, as an object of beauty, the graceful Devon heifer, with her light and truly thoroughbred-looking head, distances all competitors. She is the belle of the show. So, again, the Long-horns, plain as they look, and obsolete as they are becoming, are not without their admirers. We found a butcher standing by the Long-horns in Baker-street, anxiously inquiring who had the selling of them; for, as he communicated to us in confidence, he had for several years bought some of the Long-horns, and found that no other kind of stock paid him, as a butcher, so well, by reason of the immense quantity of internal fat they contained. The fifth, or butcher's quarter, is larger in this breed than in the more fashionable breeds. And this sufficiently accounts for the farmers' and graziers' preference of the Short-horn, Devon, and Hereford. The ox which makes a large amount of internal fat is invariably a slow



feeder; and though the butcher may prefer such an animal when fat to a more kindly-feeding beast, the farmer who has grazed the two knows well enough that for every shilling which in this form goes into the butcher's pocket, two or three shillings have left his own, through the increase of time and food consumed by the slow-feeding beast in coming to maturity.

The sheep in Baker-street are quite as remarkable for size, form, and early maturity as the cattle—Leicesters and Cotswolds of long-woolled, and Sussex, West-country, and Hampshire Downs, of short-woolled breeds, all show at twenty and twenty-one months old, such developments, such quantities and qualities of mutton, as must "excite the envy and admiration of the world."

Then there are the pigs; who shall describe the competitors for the pig prizes? They number in their ranks persons of every degree, from the Prince Consort to the little farmer and the miller. Besides His Royal Highness we find the Countess of Chesterfield, Mr. Benyon, M.P., Mr. Walter, M.P., Mr. E. Macnaghten, of the Indian Council, and Mr. De la Rue, the great paper manufacturer, with a great number of farmers and agricultural squires, feeding pigs for the Smithfield Club Show, and feeding them, in most instances, so fat that how the animals contrive to carry their fat and breathe must be a study for the physiologist. Yet here we have only exaggerated pork and bacon, indicating the breeds by means of which eatable pork and prime bacon may be most quickly and cheaply raised. No notice of the Smithfield Club Show would be complete without a reference to the agricultural implements, machinery, seeds, and roots which the galleries contain. These are in themselves a study to the observant economist or politician, and form the source of most lively interest to agricultural and general visitors. The capital employed in manufacturing agricultural implements in this country is enormous, and it is increasing and will increase, for not only are our own and the Irish farmers yearly becoming larger buyers of such articles, but the export trade is every day assuming larger proportions. The opening of the trade with France is fully appreciated by our implement-makers, who are looking for large accessions of business from a French demand.

### TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE greatest anxiety fills the public mind, in the absence of the details of the late transactions under the walls of Peking, and it is not surprising that vague and alarming rumours take the place of facts. This is one of the effects of the telegraph, which necessarily conveys the news in a brief and very imperfect manner. But even so, the public would not like to be without it, such as it is.

As usual, the city is the great source of alarming reports. It has been said even that Government were in possession of disagreeable news respecting the late prisoners in the hands of the Chinese. But I am able to inform you that such is not the case, and that the heads of the Government are at this moment awaiting the arrival of the mails with as much, or more anxiety than other people.

The Calcutta Mail, which brings the Chinese letters, *via* Singapore, has not yet arrived in Marseilles, and as the journey from Marseilles to London takes from thirty to thirty-five hours, the accounts of what actually took place, up to October 22nd, will not be read in London, fully before Saturday morning. As the time is so near when our anxieties will be relieved, it seems useless to speculate. Had some reinforcements been needed, they would have been sent from India, where the news of the attack upon Peking, and the probability of being obliged to occupy that city and Tien-Tsin, would have been received long before it reached us.

Every preparation, however, has been made to send out supplies and stores, and ammunition, and, if necessary, reinforcements. But our naval strength is very large in the Chinese waters, and will be able to render any necessary aid to the land forces. The French want all sorts of reinforcements much more than we do, and we believe are much worse prepared to send them in due time to such a distance.

The letters therefore cannot come to hand before Saturday. Summonses have been issued for a Cabinet Council for Tuesday next, the 18th, which will give time for the consideration of the despatches, and for the arrival of those ministers who are out of town.

There will be a Chapter of the Order of the Garter held at Windsor on Monday next, the 17th, for the purpose of the election of the Duke of Newcastle to the stall vacant by the death of the Duke of Richmond. Several of the Ministers will be in attendance. It is doubtful whether the Junior Knight, Lord Derby, will be able to attend. The new knight is introduced, on his election, by the two junior knights present, and Lord Derby, who has not attended since his election to the regular vacancy caused by the death of Earl de Grey, would, no doubt, be glad to assist in the high reward conferred upon the Duke of Newcastle.

I am sorry to hear that the last attack of gout under which Lord Derby has suffered, has been more severe than usual, and the recovery has been much more slow. The apprehension of the disease, which is flying about, reaching the head, has caused much uneasiness to the many friends of the ex-Premier, and he has been compelled to refrain from business, or any pursuit of an exciting or harassing description.

The rank of the British resident at St. Petersburg, as well as at Vienna, has been restored to its ancient position of Ambassador, and Lord Napier has found in Russia a fitting theatre for the diplomatic ability which he has displayed in so many other places—at Naples, Constantinople, Washington, &c. Baron Brunow, too, resumes his old position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's which he was first appointed to fill at the period of the Syrian troubles, when M. Thiers was baffled by Lord Palmerston at the head of the diplomacy of Europe.

There is evidently great significance in these changes, or, rather, restorations of a more imposing union with the Northern Courts. Those Courts have been on their good behaviour of late, reforming at home, and interfering less in the affairs of other countries.

It is manifestly not to the interest of Europe that a great central state like Austria should be destroyed or dismembered altogether, and we trust that wiser councils at home, and the good advice of her Allies, will be able to restore her to a more liberal policy than she has pursued for some time past, and to preserve her influence in Europe if wielded in a right direction.

The Emperor of the French seems inclined not to be behind-hand in progressive reforms of the mode of government in France. Count Persigny has commenced well with the press, and with the elections. We are sorry to lose him from London, but his presence seems absolutely required in France to inaugurate the improvements which are certainly on the right side, although they deal with the executive and administrative reforms in the constitution. The appointment of Count Flahault to the London Embassy is due, we presume, more to his connection with Count de Morny than to any other assignable reason. He is an eminent and experienced man, with very high English connections; but he has been reckoned too much of an Orleanist, having served Louis Philippe in office, and been trusted by the family ever since their retirement from France.

But it is to be presumed that the Emperor knows what he is about, and, amongst other things, must be anxious to conciliate as many of the adherents of the Orleans dynasty as possible.

The ex-King still holds on at Gaeta, like grim death, and seems resolved to appear to yield to force, and to compel the Sardinians to the final attack by sea and land. He is likely to be gratified in his wishes, for Napoleon has taken away the interdict, and has informed Francis of Bourbon that the fleet of France was there to ensure a safe retreat, and not by any means to encourage a hopeless resistance, or to prolong a struggle between parties so soon to be united under one Government.

The election at Southwark has gone decisively for Mr. Layard, which seemed evident from the retirement of Mr. Fawcett on Saturday last. I thought from the first that a political notability would defeat a merely local candidate. Mr. Scovell appears to be a most respectable gentleman, but he was no match for the activity of his opponent, who is not over-scrupulous against those who stand in his way. Mr. Layard made good use of Mr. Scovell's hesitation about the use of the lash, which is a theme not to be thrown away against a candidate for the suffrages of Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

### THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXIII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE EXPLAINS WHY HE HATES UGLY PEOPLE.

I KNOW that the general reader, and other foolish people, will accuse me of hard-heartedness, when I make the assertion, as I hereby do, that no human creature has a right to be ugly, and that it is not possible to love or even to respect an ugly person. If there be any opponent of this dogma, let him listen to what I have to say, before he proceed to denial. Perhaps I may be able to convince him, before I have done, that no one need be ugly unless he likes, and that ugliness is an offence, and not to be tolerated.

In the first place it is clear that there is no such thing as an ugly mathematical figure, an ugly flower, an ugly tree, an ugly herb, an ugly mineral, or an ugly elementary substance. There cannot be an ugly square, an ugly circle, or an ugly triangle. These forms are always beautiful, and every one, who thinks, must admit that it is impossible they can ever be otherwise. In the same manner, there cannot be an ugly tune, because, if it be a tune at all, it must conform to the laws of melody, and all conformity to law is beautiful in its degree. The vegetable world of herb, tree, and flower, is governed by the same rules. Oak, beech, cedar, elm, and poplar—rose, lily, violet, primrose, daisy—blade of grass and sea-weed,—all these things are beautiful. As one star differs from another star in glory, so one flower, or one tree, may be more or less beautiful than some other in colour or in form, in scent or in fruitfulness, or in some quality that commends itself to the senses of mankind; but the essence of beauty is in them all.

But there are, as we can all see, if we use our eyes, many ugly men, ugly women, ugly children, ugly beasts, ugly birds, fishes, and insects. How is this? Simply that ugliness is not a physical arrangement, but a physical and moral disarrangement and contravention of Harmony and Law. A parallelogram or a circle is perfect, and therefore cannot be ugly. It cannot deviate from the laws of its nature, and has nothing in it that can offend a nature different from its own. Thus I may define ugliness to be a deviation from law in general, and from the especial moral nature of him who beholds it. To a hyena a hyena may not be ugly, because it may not outrage the senses of other hyenas, or break any law implanted in the nature of those animals; but to a man a hyena is an intensely ugly creature;—not on account of its shape, but on account of its ferocity, gluttony, and untameability, and of that hideous laughter, too like and too unlike that of a man to be pleasant when proceeding from a beast. A cow or a horse is not ugly, for it ministers to the uses of men without offending any of their senses; while a pig on a dunghill is to some extent ugly because, though it ministers to man's uses, it offends his sense of proportion by its obesity, but still more his love of cleanliness by its filthiness. In like manner a bug is much uglier than a pig, because it not only ministers to no use, but offends the sense of smell as well as that of sight, and suggests a disgusting impurity.

As man's life is three-fold, it is three times more easy for him to be ugly, than it is for an individual of a lower species, whose life is (I cannot say unfold but) uniform. Three several orders and degrees of beauty unite in man and woman—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual. Trees,



flowers, grasses, land-weeds, and sea weeds enjoy only the life physical, and cannot therefore be ugly. And here a new definition of ugliness seems to loom upon the mind and vision of the inquirer, and to link it in some way with a stomach; for nothing that does not eat, is or can be ugly, unless it be a pictorial or other representation of something that does. Another exception may be taken as regards architectural erections, which offend the sense of proportion,—or seem to offend those of gravitation.

Beasts, and all the lower order of animated beings, have the life physical, and a portion, however infinitesimal, of the life moral, and may be ugly in their relations towards men, if their moral life, as seen from man's point of view, be bad, and impair the melody and the harmony of the physical nature.

A snarling, snapping, cantankerous dog cannot be beautiful, whatever his conformation of snout and ears, loins and tail, haunches and legs, but is, out of the very necessity of his savageness, an ugly dog. Nothing can make him beautiful, but cheerfulness, docility, and good conduct toward dogs and men. Without these he is little better than a wolf, and just about as ugly.

Men or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, cannot be utterly ugly, except from moral and intellectual causes. And this brings me to my starting-point; that neither man nor woman has any right to be ugly, and that if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdemeanor, or crime; and that being ugly, they cannot expect the love of their fellow-creatures. No man can love an ugly woman; no woman can love an ugly man; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a very sore struggle, and may be duty after all, and not love.

To have lost one's nose or eye, to squint, or to have a hunch-back, are certainly misfortunes, deteriorations of the beauty of the human form, and impairments of its high ideal; but if all these calamities were centred in one unhappy person, they would not make him positively ugly, if he were wise, witty, amiable, benevolent, just, and generous, and passed his life in deeds of kindness and charity.

Milton has not endowed his sublime fiend with the horns, dragon's tail, and other vulgar uglinesses of popular superstition. He was too great a poet and philosopher to fall into such error. The physical beauty of his Satan was originally as great as that of the Angels who had not fallen, in all outward attributes; but the hideousness was in the Mind, and the Mind moulded the body to its own character; and Satan, though he was, as Sidney Smith said, "a fine fellow" in one sense, was terribly ugly in another; sublimely horrible, and infinitely more fearful to think of than the grotesque compound of Satyr and Dragon whom we owe to the exuberant fancy and bad taste of the monks of the middle ages.

A truly ugly person may originally have had a well-developed nose and regular features; he may be six feet high, and shapely as the Apollo Belvedere, but the evil spirit that is in him has set the indescribable but palpable seal of criminality upon his forehead as Cain did, and carries a mark of the divine displeasure stamped upon his face, shaded in his aspect, toned in his voice, telegraphed into his looks and gestures. By these means he is pointed out to his fellow-creatures as one who has sinned against the moral government of the universe, so that all who see him may know him, and take warning by his punishment. All that is morally good is physically beautiful. All that is morally bad is physically ugly; *ergo*, every man and woman may be beautiful if they like, and no man or woman has a right to be ugly.—Q.E.D.

Take the case of my excellent friend Mr. Towers. Look at his nose, and his nose only—at that nose, rubicund and Bardolphian, out of all proportion with any ordinary face; a nose pimpled and freckled, bearing blossoms like a tree, and of the colour of the peony, and judge him by that only and you shall, at a casual glance pronounce him ugly. But Mr. Towers is not ugly. The physical deformity is, no doubt, obvious enough, and suggests ugliness to the passer-by. But hear him talk. Listen to his wit. Let him unlock in your presence the abundant stores of his learning. See him take a brick of wisdom here and another there. See him ransack all the brick-kilns of the ancients and the moderns, and watch the house of Fancy or of Learning that he will build with them. Go with him into private life and see what a joyous companion he is, what a good friend he is, what a good husband he is, what a kind father he is, what a pure-minded citizen he is, and in the light of his moral and intellectual excellence, you will look at his ugly nose and admit that the face is beautiful, ay, that the nose itself is more beautiful than many a nose that Phidias or Praxiteles delighted to model, but which belonged to a countenance that was not impermeated with and moulded by these noble qualities.

Take Trimmles, another man I know, and look at him as he walks along the street—small, spare, and with a hunchback; and at the first glance you shall call him ugly. But you will be in error if you do. Physically he may seem to be ugly, but his mind is a melody and a harmony. He is a logician who could argue with Euclid. He sees daylight in the darkest corners of disputation with a mental eye, over which there is no film or darkness. He talks with eloquent tongue, and neither woman nor man can resist the fascination of his company. How can such a person be called ugly? In spite of his small stature and his hunch, Trimmles is handsomer than silly Captain Fitz-Mortimer of the Rifles, who has a straight back, a Roman nose, and a beard that Methusaleh might envy.

Then take the case of Theodosia Perkins—fresh, fair, twenty-three, and passably rich. She has a face and a form that a sculptor might love to

imitate. But she is pert—she flirts—she has a bad opinion of her own sex and of the other—she has no education of the heart or of the mind—she has no taste for colour, for tune, for propriety; she is "fast"—she is "loud"—she is eaten up with vanity and conceit, and thinks herself the very cream and quintessence of the world. In one word, she is ugly in spite of her face and form. To look at her is sufficient to know that she will find no one to marry her, except for her money; and to prophesy that after she is married her husband will detest her.

Take also the case of young Master Wigram. He was born a pretty child, and might have grown up to be a beautiful boy; but he is intensely ugly. He has been humoured and fondled without reason one day, and punished without reason the next; he has been indulged in all his caprices in the morning, and denied his just and natural requirements in the evening. He has been coaxed and petted, coerced and punished, equally without justification; and the result is that he is the plague of every one who comes near him. He is built up of evil passion. There is not a good thing about him. He is a slave one minute, and a tyrant the next; niggardly and extravagant, clement and cruel. Though but fifteen years of age, he is ugly in the extreme, because he has not a single moral or intellectual quality to keep his physical qualities in good countenance.

It comes to this,—that whatever physical nature may have done, or may have neglected to do for us, the power of being beautiful remains with ourselves. There are moral appliances that are better than physical rouges and pomades to make man or woman lovely and lovable. It is mind that creates face; and that makes little David, strong in the Lord's grace, handsomer than great Goliath, who is only strong in the Devil's favour.

And the superiority of this kind of beauty over all others is this, that the older we grow the more beautiful we may become. "There is one beauty of the stars, and another of the moon." There is one beauty of youth, another of maturity, and another of old age. Excellent are they all; but from its completeness as well as from its rarity, the beauty of old age is the divinest of the three—crown and completion of all the rest. Youth is beautiful for its physical, maturity for its physical and moral, but old age is the happy union of the physical, the moral, and the intellectual qualities, that generally command love, respect, and homage. I know an old woman, of seventy-three years of age, of a beauty as much superior to that of seventeen as that of snowy Mont Blanc to verdant Primrose Hill. Lovely are the snow-white locks, neatly parted over her serene forehead; lovely are the accents of her soft voice, that speaks loving-kindness to all the world; lovely is the smile that starts from her eyes, courses to her lips, and lights up all her countenance, when she fondles a child, or gives counsel of wisdom to young man or maid; lovely is she even in her mild reproof of a wrong-doer;—so mild and gentle—so more than half-divine—that he or she who relapses afterwards into wickedness, is reckless and hardened indeed.

I dislike ugly people. I said so at first. I say so now. No one has a right to be ugly; and if men and women choose to be ugly, it is their own fault, and they must pay the penalty.

#### SCOTCH SALMON-FISHERIES.

In the House of Lords, on the 3rd of May last, it was resolved that a select Committee be appointed to inquire into the salmon-fishings on the sea-coasts and in rivers and estuaries in Scotland. On the 15th of May the committee commenced its functions; and on a careful perusal of all the evidence which was brought before it, we have no hesitation in stating, that the inquiry was fully justified, and that a vast amount of valuable and important information has been elicited, as to the present deteriorated condition of the Scotch salmon fisheries. The causes of the change have been ascertained, and the remedies for the same are suggested. The Committee terminated its labours on the 29th of June. The best and fairest course for the investigation of the truth was pursued by the examination of numerous witnesses on either side of the questions which were under discussion; as many were in favour of a continuance of cruives, bag-nets, and other fixed engines; whereas others were so strongly opposed to their use as to contend that their entire abolition was expedient. It is interesting to find, by a reference to the old statutes as far back as the year 1318, that the salmon was then an object of regard and care in the eye of the Legislature. There were regulations as to the time and season of capturing this valuable fish, restrictions as to the size of the meshes of the nets to be used, so that the "Salmunculi, vel Smolti" should not be impeded in their passage to the sea from the river. Forty days' imprisonment and a fine were inflicted on conviction of a violation of the law. With regard to the close time in the statute of Robert I. there was the following clause: "Et defendit dominus Rex, ne presumat piscari, ad salmone vel salmunculos, temporibus prohibitis super antiquam penam;" and in the 34th section of a statute of James II., 1457, there is the following passage: "That na man in smolt time set veschelles, creilles, weires, or any other engyne, to lat the smoltes to pass to the sea under the paine of £10 to the king; and that the schireffe of the land destroy them that are maid."

In fact, from the earliest times down to the commencement of the present century, salmon have been properly cared for and duly attended to; it is only within the last fifty years that the wholesale destruction of them has been brought fully into play, so as almost to threaten their annihilation. There were fixed engines undoubtedly in former days in estuaries and at the mouths of rivers, but to a limited extent; they did not entirely occupy the channel leading to the mouths of the rivers. The greediness and rapacity which induce those who either legally possess, or illegally usurp, the right of fishing on the sea-coast in the present day, to extend their bag-nets to one mile in length, so as to monopolize all the fish to themselves, were unknown to less civilized times, and were reserved for these days of progress; in fact,



the extent to which salmon are now destroyed on the sea-coast, and in the estuaries by stake-nets and bag-nets, and by cruives, is so great that one's surprise entirely ceases as to the sad and alarming decrease of salmon, one's only real surprise being that this valuable fish exists at all. By the evidence of numerous competent witnesses it was clearly shown that, for several years past, there had been a competition in the art of destruction, which, if allowed to continue, would very shortly work its own cure, indeed, in some instances it has already done so, as stake and bag-nets in some localities have ceased to pay, there being no fish, and consequently are removed. In all instances where fixed engines have been brought into play, salmon have decreased to an alarming extent; and in every case where they have been abandoned, the breed of fish has gradually increased and improved.

Mr. W. J. Ffennell, Commissioner of Fisheries in Ireland, stated in evidence, that after the introduction of stake and bag-nets into the rivers of that country, the breed of salmon was so seriously injured and reduced that hundreds of poor persons who had previously obtained a living by what is called net and cott fishing were thrown out of employment, the consequence of which was a most serious riot and conflict; the persons who introduced this unfair and illegal mode of fishing were Scotchmen. The Irish, with that impulsive vindication of their own native rights which but too frequently characterizes their conduct, took the law into their own hands and demolished these destructive implements, fatal equally to the breed of salmon and to their legitimate employment; but we give the words of Mr. Ffennell himself as they occurred in his evidence before the committee. Previously to the passing of the Act of 1842, some twenty or twenty-two years before, persons from Scotland came for the first time into Ireland and erected stake-weirs in the estuaries and bag-nets on the coast. They caught immense numbers of salmon at first in some of those places, and the lower classes of people who had rights to fish upon their common-law right, as well as those who held river-fishings, very soon began to feel the effect of the Scotch stake-weirs and bag-nets outside. In some parts of Ireland—in Waterford, on the Shannon, and in Donegal about Ballyshannon, there were great conflicts, more especially near Waterford. The people rose in immense numbers, and prostrated the weirs by violence. There were lives lost on two occasions in the Waterford estuary, and the peace of the country was so much disturbed, that the executive government felt called upon to take the matter up, and having inquired into the law of the case, they found that those fisheries were illegal in Ireland. The owners of them were indicted criminally, and in many cases convictions were obtained; and there were prostrations of the weirs under those convictions. Still the capture of salmon was too tempting a thing, and notwithstanding a man was convicted, the weirs soon appeared up again in another man's name. They selected paupers, and this state of confusion went on until 1842. Before they were put down, particularly in the Waterford estuary, they nearly annihilated the salmon. There were, perhaps, 2,000 persons engaged in what is called cott-net fishing. It is all common fishery there, as in most of the estuaries in the south of Ireland, there being no private right whatsoever.

These men were entirely thrown out of employment, and became excessively violent. I recollect myself in those days, before the weirs were prostrated, and after they had got up to a certain extent, for three or four consecutive years, we never got a good fish during the whole of the season.

We think it would be difficult to produce a stronger case in behalf of the necessity of legislation. The breed of salmon was almost annihilated, but fortunately, at this crisis, the legislature interposed, salutary restrictions were introduced, and the rivers of Ireland have, to a very great extent, recovered their former excellence. As the law now stands, no weir can be erected except where the channel, at low water of spring tides, is over three quarters of a mile wide, and no stake-weir can be erected beyond low-water mark; and no weir can be erected within one mile seaward or inwards of the mouth of a river; so that, with these restrictions, although plenty of fish are captured, still the passage is not entirely obstructed, and sufficient numbers can pass to afford a fair supply to all parts of the river. The mouths of the rivers and the estuaries, in case of any dispute, are defined by the Fishery Commissioners. We trust most sincerely, that the legislature will, next session, introduce some restrictive and equally salutary measures, relatively to the Scotch salmon fisheries, for indeed they stand in much need of them; the breed of salmon has been, year by year, decreasing, and will soon be reduced to the most hopeless condition, if the rapacity of the owners of fixed engines on the sea-shores and in the estuaries contiguous to the salmon rivers in Scotland be not restrained. Some of the finest rivers in Scotland, extending for miles, which formerly abounded with salmon, are now worthless, entirely owing to over-fishing on the part of the owners of stake-nets and bag-nets, and other fixed engines.

When grants were made by the Crown of salmon-fisheries on the coast and in the estuaries, it was never contemplated that fixed engines should be employed to such an extent as would prevent salmon ascending the rivers; it is equally opposed to common sense and to the principles of equity, that the privileges of any one class should be exerted to the injury of the community at large; and this is the case at the present time with these monopolists, as has been proved by the evidence of competent witnesses. Mr. Alexander Jopp, an advocate at Aberdeen, stated that he had been for thirty-five years connected with salmon-fisheries, and that it was matter not of opinion but of fact, that the amount of salmon in the rivers Dee and Don had sensibly decreased of late years, which he proved by the decreased number of boxes of salmon sent up to London within the last few years, each of these boxes containing 112 lbs. In the year 1835, 42,330 boxes were sent to London from Aberdeen; and in the year 1859 only 15,823; in some of the intermediate years the quantity has been larger, but during the last twenty-six years there has been a gradual and very serious falling off, attributed by this and other witnesses to over-fishing with fixed implements. No one will, we should think, contend for one moment that this unsatisfactory state of things should be allowed to continue; and that the interests of the public at large should be sacrificed for the benefit of a few unscrupulous and greedy individuals. Our forefathers protected this noble and useful fish, and why should we be guilty of neglect. We are persuaded, if all fixed engines were abolished, fair fishing only resorted to, and every suitable protection afforded to the spawning fish, that salmon would be so abundant, that it would become food for the many at a very low price. The witness above alluded to, gave his opinion most decidedly that it would be expedient and advisable to abolish

the right to use fixed engines. As salmon are supposed to produce from 20,000 to 60,000 ova, it may be easily supposed how wonderfully they would increase under a proper system of protection; but that they are not protected is a well-known and admitted fact; and that such is the case is unfortunately because the proprietors of those parts of the rivers in which salmon breed have no interest in their increase.

It would almost seem to involve a contradiction in terms as well as in reality in stating that those in whose waters the salmon breed have no interest in their increase, but the fact admits of an easy explanation; at the time when salmon instinctively ascend the rivers from the sea to deposit their ova, the close time has commenced, consequently the spawning fish have no difficulty in reaching the upper parts of the river, where they are desirous of depositing their spawn, all the cruives, bag-nets, and stake-nets being removed, and a free passage being open to the fish; but at the end of the close time, which is the 1st of February, all the fixed engines are replaced, so that the young salmon or grilse of the former year, and the old fish of the last year, who have all been down to the sea to undergo that cleansing process ordained by nature, and who are desirous of returning to their native waters, and would if they were not obstructed in their progress, gradually ascend to the upper parts of the river, even to its extreme end, are intercepted on the sea-coast and in the estuaries, so that those who have bred them do not see a single fish at the time when they are in good condition and really worth having, and very naturally complain of the injustice which is done them by these wholesale destroyers, and decline preserving for them.

From all we can learn, we are disposed to believe, that in many rivers more injury results to the breed of salmon from the indisposition on the part of the upper proprietors to preserve the spawning fish, than by the over-fishing on the part of the proprietors of the stake and bag-nets; but it cannot be expected that the upper proprietors should become zealous preservers, when they receive such illiberal and unjust treatment from the proprietors of the stake and bag-nets.

The only remedy, as suggested by numerous competent witnesses who appeared before the committee, for the present continuous decrease of salmon, is the entire abolition of all stake-nets, bag-nets, cruives, and other fixed engines, and a return to the old method of fishing by net and coble. To those who are desirous of being fully acquainted with all the bearings of this most interesting subject, we should recommend the careful perusal of the report from the select committee of the House of Lords. If the obstructions on the sea-coast and at the mouths of the rivers were all removed, all proprietors of the salmon rivers would have an interest in preserving, as each would get his legitimate share; and we verily believe that under so fair and equitable a system, that the breed of fish would increase to such an extent, that the present monopolizers would, in a few years, by fair and legitimate fishing by net and coble, capture a very much larger amount of fish than they have hitherto taken by either bag-nets, stake-nets, or cruives. The existence of these fixed engines are an injustice to the proprietors of the rivers, and an injury to the public at large, we therefore trust they may be abolished by the legislature, when Parliament next meets.

#### THE FRENCH IN LONDON.

PARIS has its English quarter, where lodgings are dear, where something that passes for English is spoken in every shop, and where Britons who decline to eat of the dainties of the Palais Royal, obtain very tame imitations of a London dinner. This quarter is round about the Madeleine. It stretches, also, up the Champs Elysées, and takes unto itself the brilliant Rue de Rivoli.

The French quarter of London has none of the advantages of the English quarter of Paris. Our Paris is the most brilliant part of the capital; whereas French London is the very gloomiest quarter of the metropolis. Bounded on the north by Oxford-street, on the south by Leicester-square, on the east by Seven Dials, and on the west by Windmill-street, the quarter of our capital in possession of our gallant allies includes the dingiest streets, the darkest houses, the blackest mud, and the dirtiest and noisiest gangs of street children, within the sound of Bow bell. It is the abandoned quarter, where nobles and princes once lived; where the "pouting palaces" of the quarrelling princes of Wales stood. Great names turn up at every corner of the dusky streets;—of faded, wo-befallen mansions. There are the blurred traces of Sir James Thornhill's pencil upon a staircase in Dean-street. Strolling along Wardour-street, amid dusky relics of bygone centuries, fashioned yesterday (so many solid lies, carved to cozen the credulous); we naturally glance at the damp wall of St. Anne's graveyard, and would fain look over it, to see where the dust of Hazlitt is mingled with mother earth. In Greek-street Sir Thomas Lawrence lived; and some seventy years ago, up two pair of stairs, in a Frith-street house, Mrs. Inchbald was busy enough over her "Simple Story." In Leicester-square dwelt the great Frenchman Colbert, where his countrymen now lounge and smoke the day through—hard by where treason to the French "powers that be" was hatched not long since. Where the steam of the Sablonière Hotel now offends the nostrils, Hogarth painted; and next to him John Hunter wrought at his famous collection. Hence we might cast a stone upon the site of Sir Isaac Newton's house in St. Martin's-street. In this same dingy thoroughfare Miss Burney wrote "Evelina." Old Sir Joshua's spectacles glance before us as we pass along the western side of Leicester-square, to take a nearer view of the strange folk and the aged splendour of Soho. Every man hereabouts is bearded, or *en mouchard*, with greased moustache and imperial. Trowsers fitting tightly to the legs, coats terribly pulled in at the waist (and generally bottle-green in colour), and little hats with pointed brim, curling crisply at the sides, "announce," as our neighbours have it, the nation to which the quarter belongs. Every inhabitant has a cigar or a toothpick in his mouth; and a few very rusty Gauls lounge against doorways, pipe in mouth, wondering when the political condition of their native country will permit them to return to it. These must be but sorry customers to the most modest trader; yet there are dealers who court them.

At hand there is a "Coiffeur de Paris," in a long low dark shop; before the curtain of which lie a few shaving-brushes, cakes of soap, and *cire-de-moustache*. There is evidently a great demand for cire in this neighbourhood.



It is possibly comforting to start, upon a sad day of very cheap living, with the moustache crisp and curling. Our *coiffeur* is a married man; and as we examine his shop-window, we read the story of the struggle that is going on within, to keep body and soul together. Madame has bravely determined to do her best to swell monsieur's slender revenue, by making baby caps and collars, and here they lie amid the shabby shaving materials. Opposite is a *Boulangerie Française*, where the refugee may remind himself of his native faubourg, by glancing at the long spare loaves. Of course there is a *Pharmacie Française* at hand, and a money-changer's parlour, and a French reading-room, where the little yellow volumes of the *Librairie Nouvelle* are let out for halfpence; and a savoury *charcutier's*. There are *cafés* also; or our foreign friends would be in despair. The *Café des Arts* is shut up in Dean-street, and has "To let" upon its windows; but we suspect that its failure is due, not to a lack of *café* patrons, but to the recent establishment of a great restaurant, with fifteen billiard-tables and unlimited games of dominoes. The French commercial traveller; the French circus-rider, in his remarkably broad imitation of an English stable-mind; the letter-contributor to the *Cinq Centimes*, who has come (in a fluffy white hat) into our midst, to learn all about us in eight days, at the fixed cost of £5;—these representatives of proud Gaul, being accustomed to gold and glass in their great *cafés* at home, have declined to be satisfied with the shabby little Dean-street shop. The hotels in the by-streets of Leicester-square have taken great names and great airs, combined with strict economy. They have *table dhôtes* in imitation of Paris, where a curious visitor may find himself, any day, in the most strangely mixed company, before the strangest viands. On your right is a dapper, pert, playful, young French lady, who will talk freely with you. Her husband is a very fat old gentleman opposite, who has tucked his napkin into his cravat, and delicately turned his wristbands back—meaning, it appears to us, to convey to the landlord, by these preparations, his determination to have the full value of the eighteenpence he has paid for his dinner. The room is a long, narrow, gaudy apartment, that looks stale after the steam of 30,000 dinners. A general flavour of cabbage-soup pervades the establishment, with here and there a gust of garlic. The hats upon the pegs in the *salle-à-manger* are a study, to which we humbly direct the attention of Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett. Everywhere there is looking-glass, and in every glass there is the reflection of a dark gentleman, with closely-cropped hair, bushy beard, with cigar or toothpick between his lips. There is a vast consumption of coffee in a back room, where the tinkling of billiard-balls may be heard from morn to dewy eve; and where gay old fellows of sixty may be seen gleaming joyfully over an accomplished cannon. Very strong political opinions float about the little marble coffee-tables; and comparisons that would be very odious to English ears, are made between gay Paris and *triste* London. But we are in the fashionable hotel of the French quarter, where the riband of the Legion is sported, and where even countesses and marchionesses descend.

To the hotels of Leicester-square with names as sounding as The Two Hemispheres, or The Great Solar System, the Paris concoctors of eight days in London, consign their tourists. There is an interpreter and guide at hand to drag the eight-day traveller through the Tower, the Abbey, and Madame Tassaud's wax-works. The tourist is, in fact, an eight-day clock, wound up on the Boulevards for £5, to run to London and back, in a week and a day. He must be at breakfast to the minute, he must remain a calculated and fixed time in every exhibition, and his appetite for dinner must be at its height at a given moment. He has brought himself into slavery for eight days; and he must endure it, with Leicester-square for its chief scene.

But he is a prince, a grandee, a haughty sybarite and aristocrat, beside the pale, sallow faces, the neglected beards, the indescribably seedy habiliments, the almost ostentatious haggardness, of the dismal gentlemen who may be seen crawling, shuffling, or darting into little steaming restaurants of the French quarter; where a countryman carries on, on the most miserable and depressing scale, the *diner à la carte*, of a Vêry or a Philippe. Just as at the Calomnie of the Barrière Mont Parnasse of Paris, the chiffonier and all other developments of Parisian poverty, imitate, upon greasy deal boards, and in a vast cellar, the dinners of the Well-to-do, and take their halfpenny cup of coffee, and their halfpenny *chasse café*; so the decayed refugee, or the unfortunate Frenchman who is doomed to Soho, laps his threepenny dishes with pompous names, in the French quarter of London. He does not betake himself to the English coffee and chop-house; he refuses to adapt his palate to the British kitchen. He must have his soup, and his *entrée*, and his dessert—let them be of the stalest and greasiest.

French Soho lodgings have a French veneer upon them. The economy of beds in alcoves is understood. Even a fierce economy prevails in some houses to which we could point. Here long rooms are parted off into boxes, much in the fashion of a Fleet-street tavern dining-room. Each box is a lodger's bedroom. Below, there is a large common room, with a row of cupboards in it—a cupboard to each lodger, wherein he keeps his slender store of food, which he cooks at his pleasure, and to his taste. The weekly payment for accommodation of this rough description is moderated to the capacity of the poor Frenchman's purse. To escape from a home like this, he would willingly spend his evenings in imitations of the darling *cafés* of adored Paris, even much less attractive than those at his command, within the quarter of London which he has appropriated to himself. Time was, we doubt not, when the little *Café des Arts* was a Paradise to him. But now, on evenings when he can afford to devote sixpence to his *soirée*, or a shilling to his dinner, he has at his command a great establishment, brilliantly lighted, resplendent with looking-glass, gay with the plashing of water from a fountain of brilliantly-painted zinc flowers, and crammed with all varieties of his compatriots. There is a *dame de comptoir*, to whom he may touch his hat; absinthe is to be had before dinner; great damp *serviettes*, like those so indissolubly associated with second-rate Paris restaurants, are at hand for him. He can dine for about a shilling; he can have his *hors d'œuvre*; his soup is threepence, and no more; his *entrée* sixpence, his vegetables threepence. French waiters, in their long white aprons and neat jackets, are flitting about him. The delightful rattle of his native language charms his ears. Then, here are fifteen billiard-tables! It is true that the great *café* of the nineteenth century, on the Boulevard Sebastopol, in Paris, is said to have a hundred billiard-tables; but fifteen tables are something to begin with. Here are the red velvet seats, and the square iron and marble tables, the thick white coffee-cups, the dominoes and the cut cards for reckoning; and, above all, the poodles, Spitzes,

and indiscribly ugly combinations of the canine race,—which make a Parisian *café* the Frenchman's realm of pure delight. The rattle of the dominoes is like hail upon a broad skylight; the hissing, by which the customers attract the attention of the waiters, is fierce and incessant; the violent gesticulations of some of the groups of talkers suggest apoplexy to the calmer sons of Albion. A tall, gaunt, dark figure moves stealthily and silently about the tables, and, with a sad whisper, offers the *Journal pour Tous* (a penny journal) for threepence. Remonstrate with him, and he will glide silently and disdainfully away. Outside, this curious bit of Paris dropped into London is an ordinary house, in a narrow street, with poor, ragged little children staring down the bright passage through their dirt, and dreaming that it leads to a fairy palace! *Enfin*, London must be *triste* to our neighbours, seeing that nine-tenths of the Frenchmen who honour our metropolis with a visit, resort to the by-ways and gloomy hotels and boarding-houses of this quarter, which they have taken unto themselves. London would indeed be *triste*, were it a vast Soho!

## MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. II.

### THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

SHE is pretty; generally she is goodnatured; almost always she is generous; sometimes, but very rarely, she is intrinsically pure-minded: but for the most part she thinks unselfishness and innocence the last resolves of "muffishness," and draws jack-boots over her purity to go the better through the mud. She is ashamed of her sex, and does her best to rid herself of its burdens. Womanly work she despises; a needle is the badge of her degradation, an infant the cross to which her sex is bound; she is always wishing for the power of transformation, and loudly proclaims her envy and admiration of men. However, she manages to do without their faculties, and makes herself tolerably comfortable under the compromise. Indeed, she sees no difference between herself and her brothers, save that they, poor worms, have to toil at offices and attend at morning drill, while she, the brisker butterfly, dispenses with work as well as duty, and takes her nectar of life, like her *chasse café*—neat. Work is her sole stumbling-block to the perfect imitation of man's estate; the only sour drop which she can find in his rich portion. His amusements, his slang, his habits, his vulgarity, she finds altogether to her taste; but his work she counts a bore, and would incontinently "cut" if she were in his place. She knows of no religiousness in duty; her creed is the divine institution of "larking"—"lots of fun" ready made to her hand, and immunity from "coming to grief" under any form whatsoever, constitute her idea of Divine protection; an endless supply of "jolly young he-cousins," with an infinite succession of excitement, her idea of the Millennium: but the Millennium is a slow subject, and as slowness is the one unpardonable crime on the fast young lady's statute-book, she does not trouble herself much about the matter. For the rest, she goes to church because every one goes, and it is sometimes good fun, according to the bonnets and the congregation; and she gives a kind of lazy assent to certain historical facts, chiefly because she does not care to inquire for herself, and the subject is too dry for her handling; but she has no more real religion, properly so called, than her favourite Skye, and holds every one to be a "precious spoon" whose thoughts strike deeper or soar higher than her own.

Dressy as a race, with varieties of style sufficiently discursive in the individuals, nowhere are there such friends to trade as these young gentlemen. For them are manufactured all the "loud" patterns, all the flashy ornaments, the excessive fashions, the trashy imitations, the brass, and bugles, and large glass beads, with which they and the African savages delight to adorn themselves. The fast young lady has no perception of fitness in dress, or of truth in material. She would wear a ball-dress at church, or a riding-habit at a dinner-party if the fancy took her, and she believed she would make a sensation; and, failing the real, she takes quite kindly to the mock, in all articles of attire whatsoever. False lace, broad, of bold patterns, and in great profusion; false jewellery, with a decided leaning to the more brilliant kinds of stone; false hair in impossible coronets and deformed rolls, lackered brass to imitate gold, or silvered tin to make believe for silver; black glass cut to imitate jet; and every fabric made to look like something else, as if ashamed of what it is,—these are the points of toilet which she parades with as much pride as the duchess parades her family diamonds, or the countess her family plate. Give the fast young lady a flaring colour and an extravagant pattern, and she is in the seventh heaven of satisfaction. I have known some of them wear blue, and violet, and yellow and rose all in a mingled heap together, and think themselves "stunning fine," as they said with an air, dashing out the raindrops from their tinted feathers. No one can see the fast young lady without being distinctly aware of her presence, and nothing delights her so much as to see people turn round and stare at her as they pass, or to hear them comment on her appearance in the streets. This is generally her daily triumph; for she counts even the dirty little boys as victories, and revels in the compliments of the omnibus-men. Her petticoats are always preternatural in summer; they are of needlework with the "peepholes," as *Punch* calls them, of extra size and extra transparency—what women call "very handsome;" in winter they are of scarlet, the fiercest shade to be bought, with flaming stockings to correspond, and boots with heels a couple of inches high.

If it is the fashion to wear the gown full down to the ankle, the fast young lady supplements a train, which she trails after her in the mud with the air of a draggled-tail peacock; if it is the fashion to wear the gown clear off the ankle, the fast young lady hoists hers to the middle of the leg, and makes Miss Fuzbuz regret the costume of the Fatimas and the Bloomers. She must be in extremes, whichever way the needle points; and if it is only in the adoption of a colour, she is sure to exaggerate and to be guilty of bad taste. For her those monstrous frameworks of net and steel, over which she stretches her garments until they stand round her like a bell; for her those wonderful head-dresses where flowers and lace trail down to the waist with an elaborate carelessness beyond measure exasperating, or those, like minor market-garden baskets, where incongruous fruits are heaped together with a reckless disregard to possibility and a total subversion of the seasons; for her the aggravating bonnets which would be small if they were called caps; for her the reactionary monstrosities which overshadow the shoulders; for her the parasols which look like flounced and furbelowed dolls, and



those of vanishing proportions which, when they shade her forehead leave her chin exposed, and when they shade her chin let her forehead burn; in fact for her and her alone are created the vagaries of fashion, which she on her part exaggerates, and so caricatures a caricature. No fast young lady has good taste: the two things are incompatible; can snow keep pure and frozen in the midst of fire?

Indifferent to love, and depreciative of even healthy sentiment, the fast young lady is by no means indifferent to the charms of a good marriage, or ignorant of the blessings to be found among the flourishes of an advantageous settlement. Money represents to her the one supreme good of her life; the sinews of her war against delicacy and womanhood; and no Stock Exchange broker is more alive to the value of scrip and share than is the rollicking girl who seems too wild and wide for the simplest calculation.

Luckily for the more sober part of mankind, the tribe, as a tribe, is husbandless, which at least avoids the disaster of perpetuation by descent. A few, indeed, every now and then, storm through the vestry door and sign their names noisily on the parish parchment; but these are exceptions to the rule—scattered links which hold the two diverging sections together, and prevent the total expulsion of the tribe from the ranks of true womanhood. As a rule, the fast young lady blooms and fades a flower ungathered: it is thought that the cultivation of so rank a grower would be hardly worth the trouble. When men choose a mother for their children, they think of something else besides scarlet petticoats, and well-fitting Balmoral boots; and the qualities which make it so pleasant for cousin Jack to go blackberry-hunting are not always those which ensure the comfort and respectability of a home, or tend to the refinement and noble nurture of a family.

The summing-up of the fast young lady may be made in one word, vulgarity. She is not necessarily bad-hearted, nor necessarily less than pure and chaste; but she is essentially and in inmost grain vulgar—vulgar in speech, vulgar in habits, vulgar in mind: peer or commoner, rich or needy, insolent with the insolence of worldly success, or bold and defiant in the midst of worldly degradation, she is always the same—low-toned and vulgar, no matter what the difference in the outside wrappings. Her language is a jargon of slang, which, indeed, is the Shibboleth of her order, the pass-word that reveals her to her brotherhood; her dress is the tawdry finery of a savage, violent in colour and ungraceful in form; her manners are the manners of a horse-jockey, lacquered over with the artificial polish of conventional society; and all that is held most dear and beautiful in womanhood, she wants in exact proportion to her acquirements in the art of "fastness." It is needful that these harsh truths be told her, and that she would learn to look into a mirror that does not flatter, for she has young sisters growing up about her, and it is of even national importance that the disease should be checked before it has spread farther. One of these young sisters is already "fast" on her own account; but she has adopted literature and social life in place of fun and bell-shaped petticoats; she has taken her stand as a strong-minded woman, and reads her sister lectures on the degradation of their natural condition. Of her I will speak at some future time, for her profile is a marked one—indeed as marked as her sister's—and will make a good photograph. The fast young lady and the strong-minded woman are twins, born on the same day, and nourished with the same food, but one chose scarlet and the other hoddens grey; one took to woman's right to be dissipated and vulgar, the other to her right to be unwomanly and emancipated. I know them both, and deprecate both as fair examples of our English womanhood.

#### THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

##### DIRECT ROUTES FROM INDIA INTO CHINA.

THE continent of Asia, as every reader knows, is crossed by a great desert, extending from the Caspian almost to the gates of Peking and the Yellow Sea. To the south of this wilderness lies a region divided into northern and southern parts by the great chain of the Himalaya, and the lofty Nanling mountains, which run from its eastern extremity to the shores of the Pacific, opposite the island of Formosa. To the north of this mountain-wall are Thibet and China, separated by the Yung-ling mountains; to the south of the same barrier are the plains of Hindostan and the valleys of the Indo-Chinese countries, these two geographical areas being separated by the hills of Arracan. Beyond the Trans-Gangetic peninsula there is a third region—the Malay archipelago. The character of each of these five areas, and the relations in which they stand to each other, must be clearly apprehended by any one who would understand the subjects discussed by the Geographical Society on Monday night. We shall, therefore, make no apology for making a few remarks concerning each. The first of the countries to which we referred was Thibet. It is a vast expanse of plains, hills, and valleys, rising from a table-land of 15,000 feet in elevation; as lofty, indeed, as the summit of Mont Blanc. Thrown up, *en masse*, within a very recent geological epoch, by some stupendous volcanic force, we find embedded in its soil the remains of animals which still exist in the tepid plains of India. Surrounded on all sides by vast mountain-bulwarks, its lowest elevation seems to be at its south-eastern corner—at the point, in short, where it joins the Indo-Chinese countries, and whence they expand in long mountain-ranges, which spread out like the ribs of a fan as they approach the Pacific. The mountain-system of the Trans-Gangetic peninsula is indeed a remarkable one. It is, perhaps, better explained by comparing it to an out-stretched hand, of which the thumb represents the hills of Arracan, the fore-finger the ridge which terminates in Malacca, the little finger the Nanling chain, running through Southern China north of Canton; and the wrist, the depressed edge of the table-land of Thibet, from which its waters are poured down into the Pacific, through valleys corresponding to the openings of the outstretched palm.

The Malay Islands lie beyond this region and form the third link in the chain of countries which separate China and India. Now Thibet is a desert of parched and frozen highlands; the Malay Islands are a tropical wilderness, with a hot and moist climate, in which the very exuberance of vegetable life has prevented the formation of civilized societies or a numerous population; while the intermediate countries in the south resemble the Malay Islands on the extreme north of the Thibetan highlands. From the depressed edge of the Thibetan plateau, the neck of land which we have compared to the wrist of an outstretched hand, the river Bramapootra descends on the west into the highly-cultivated and populous plain of Hindostan, studded with historical cities,

such as Benares, Delhi, and Calcutta. From the eastern side of the same neck of land there runs in the opposite direction the Yang-tse-Kiang, through a broad alluvial valley, expanding into the plain of China, the richest, the best-cultivated, and the most densely-peopled region of the globe. A celebrated geographer, impressed with the vast importance of commerce as an agent of civilization, has shown the close connection subsisting between the extent of seaboard in each country, and its rank in the scale of nations. In our days, however, inland navigation by steam threatens to subvert his doctrine. We must now judge of countries by their permeability, rivers having acquired more than all the advantages of sea-coasts. What the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are to Southern Europe and Eastern Africa, the Brahmapootra and Yang-tse-Kiang may shortly become to India and China. These rivers are seas rather than streams. "When we think of the Brahmapootra," said an eloquent speaker on Monday night, "the image present to the mind must not be that of an English stream, but that of Southampton Water or the Thames at Sheerness." No less gigantic is the flood of the Yang-tse-Kiang, which is navigable, according to Captain Sprye, by junks of fifty tons, up to the great bend, where it turns eastward. There is, then, an inland sea leading through the heart of Hindostan, and another inland sea leading through the heart of China, to an isthmus which may be compared to Suez or Panama. The possibility of constructing a route between these two rivers formed the subject of a paper read by Dr. McCosh to the Geographical Society, on Monday, in which he proved that such a route, if practicable, would be no less important as a line of traffic than the railway which connects the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. "Why should we," he says, "construct a great highway from Simla into the desolate highlands of Thibet, and not explore at least a route which would open up a direct communication between the two most populous regions on the surface of the globe?" At present, however the information we have regarding the wild ravines through which the great Indian rivers plunge into the deep parallel furrows which lead from the Highlands of Thibet to the seaboard of the Indo-Chinese countries, seem to preclude all chance of a route being opened in this direction. There are, however, five lines of communication now existing, among which Dr. McCosh gave the preference to that by Munnipur. He advocated the formation of a scientific commission to survey and report upon these tracks, with the view to the selection of the best. Independently of intercourse between India and China, we are deeply interested in opening a direct route into Western China from the Bay of Bengal. A slight examination of the maps will show why. China proper is bounded on the north by the highlands and deserts of Mongolia; on the south by the snow-clad Nanling chain. On all sides it is inclosed by stupendous mountain barriers, excepting to the west, where no lofty chain, according to Captain Sprye, separates its great bend from the Indo-Chinese countries; and to the east, where its great rivers enter the sea. Till very recently, the whole traffic between China and England was carried on at Canton, which is to all intents and purposes an Indo-Chinese port, by conveying the produce of the interior over the passes of the Nanling mountains, while the traffic between the same central regions and Russia was conducted at Kiachta, a place equally remote, it being beyond the In-schan mountains and the desert of Schamo. More recently the eastern end of the great valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang has been tapped by the formation of a great port at Shanghai. English commerce, however, in the absence of steam, has penetrated but a small way up the Yang-tse-Kiang. Its influence does not ascend farther than Han-Kow, where Lord Elgin's memorable expedition up the river stopped short. Now in the upper basin of the Yang-tse-Kiang lie some of the finest provinces of China. Szetchuen is described by the Abbé Huc. "Its fertility," he says, "is such that the produce of a single harvest could not be consumed in ten years. On the hills are fine plantations of tea, of which all the most exquisite kinds are kept for the epicures of the province—the coarser sorts being sent to the people of Thibet and Turkistan." The western provinces of China have a population of upwards of a hundred and twenty millions, with whom, at present, we maintain no intercourse.

The question of a direct route into these countries is, then, one of the deepest interest. But there are political as well as commercial advantages to be gained by driving a great highway into Western China from the Bay of Bengal. It has been shown by Captain Osborne, in an able address to the Geographical Society, that in the event of war with France, and of an alliance between that country and Russia, or even Spain, the enemy's cruisers could destroy our merchantmen among the narrow channels and reefs of the Eastern Archipelago, and thereby completely destroy our trade with China, in spite of our most gigantic efforts to blockade their ports and provide convoys. Indeed, the importance of a western route into China is generally conceded. The question remains, however, whether it is practicable or not. This formed the subject of the paper of Monday evening, read to the Geographical Society by Captain Richard Sprye. This gentleman exhibited a large map of the Indo-Gangetic countries, from which he showed that the extremity of our territory in Pegu is within two hundred and fifty miles of Esmok, a town on the Chinese frontier. He proposes to construct a railway, or high road, along the banks of the Salween to the neighbourhood of Moni, and there to join an existing caravan track to Esmok. He said that he possesses itineraries by travellers, both native and European, along the whole route, but these he did not read. They show, he assures us, however, that no engineering difficulties would interfere with the formation of a great road from Rangoon to Esmok, and from Esmok to the Yang-tse-Kiang. Yunnan, the southern province of China, he proved, by quotation from Du Halde and Williams' "Middle Kingdom," an American work of the most valuable character, to be a rich mineral country rising towards the north into a wild mountain region, but sloping to the south into a country of rich pastures and open plains.

At present it appears that a great traffic exists over this tract between China and the Laos States, the Siamese, and Burman Shan States of Lim-mai Moni, conducted by great caravans of ponies, mules, and donkeys. This caravan trade Captain Sprye probably considered conclusive evidence, without his itineraries, that the road and water communications through the province of Yunnan to Esmok must be good. Mr. John Crawford however contested this opinion, and maintained that Yunnan was the poorest province of China, a land of mountains and floods, of banditti and savages, of everything that could impede and put a stop to traffic. He admitted that in an



important work on China, generally understood to be by him, in three volumes octavo, he had described it as a perfect paradise. Captain Sprye read the passages in which his antagonist expressed opinions diametrically opposed to those now advocated by him in opposition to the proposed route. The contradiction was manifest. Mr. Crawford, however, extricated himself from this dilemma, with a dexterity worthy of Sir John Falstaff. It was not he, he said, who wrote the work. His name was no doubt on the title page, but he was only the author of a small part of the book. The real author was an old clerk of his, one Peter Gordon, whose imagination had grown "rank" in the tropics. Why has Mr. Crawford not repudiated this work before? If he stand toward Mr. Peter Gordon only in the relation in which one Siamese twin stands to the other, why has he not said so ere now? Can we now rely upon the Embassies to Burmah, Siam, and Cochin China?

Mr. Crawford objects to Captain Sprye's scheme as quite chimerical. The country over which the route passes must be a desert. Why otherwise, he asks, would the Chinese emigrate to Australia, the United States, and the deserts of Tartary? This is no argument. As well might a Pekin geographer prove, that the Turkish empire is naturally sterile by showing that the Germans and English emigrate to America and Australia. "But what beasts of burden, asks Mr. Crawford triumphantly, are to be employed in these caravans?" The Burmese horses are 13 hands high, the Burmese asses are brutes even more degraded than English donkeys, and the Burmese mules are just what their fathers and mothers are. It would take, he adds, two donkeys and a half to carry one bale of Manchester or Glasgow goods. The simple answer to all this is, that our manufacturers must make smaller bales, just as they now do for the Llama in South America, an animal with which Mr. Crawford is well acquainted. If the inhabitants of the interior of China have hitherto sent their goods on men's backs to Canton over the Meiling Pass, and in the same way to Kiachta over the deserts of Shamo, they will have no difficulty in transporting them over the hills which lie between the great bend of the Yang-tse-Kiang, into the basin of the Salween. If this route had not been practicable, we do not believe that Captain Sprye would have spoken so confidently of his information regarding it, and we anxiously await a second paper from him, in which he may embody those parts of his essay of Monday night, which describe the country lying along the route of the existing caravan traffic, from original information obtained from native travellers and the English officers, who have been in the immediate neighbourhood of Esmok.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

Just one hundred years ago, Tiphaigne de la Roche penned one of the most remarkable foreshadowings of a modern discovery which the world has yet seen. In a singular book entitled "*Giphantie à Babylone*,"\* he relates the wonders which were revealed to him in a vision by the chief of the genii of the elements. He there recounts how the attendant genii had sought to fix the fleeting images which were seen reflected in placid water or painted on the retina of the eye; and after some details he describes how they at last succeeded in discovering a subtle adhesive liquid quickly drying, and capable, when poured on to a flat surface, of fixing thereon permanently, and in the twinkling of an eye, the images of whatever natural scene was presented before it. Awakening from his vision, Tiphaigne propounds three problems, which had been suggested to him by the genii, for the sagacity of mundane philosophers to unravel. The nature of the glutinous liquid, the method of preparation and best means of employing it, and the rationale of the action which was exercised upon it by light. Never before, in modern ages, have we known of so clear an instance of a prophecy and its fulfilment. The account given by the genii is almost, to its minute details, the present system of collodion photography; whilst Tiphaigne's three problems, important as they have since become, are still very far from a satisfactory settlement.

Writing in 1760 the above could only be looked upon as a fanciful dream—the creation of an exuberant imagination. In 1860 we find it a sober unvarnished account of one of the most wonderful conquests which the human intellect has made even in this age of mental progress. Give the "subtle, adhesive, quick-drying liquid" of the old writer the modern name of "collodion," and employ glass or paper instead of Tiphaigne's woven fabric, and we have neither more nor less than that art which is at the present time brought so obtrusively before our eyes at every street-corner. Of the art itself in its scientific and artistic development, we shall hereafter speak; and now confine ourselves to the commercial revolution which it is quietly but surely effecting in some important branches of manufacture.

We all know what firm root photography has taken in its outward and visible manifestations; how our fashionable thoroughfares are gradually succumbing to its influence, whole quarters apparently changing to crystal palaces, as far as their roofs are concerned, and picture-galleries as regards their private doors. How royalty, statesmen, philosophers, and actresses are to be seen, *à la carte de visite*, in every shop window; to how utterly degraded a level the practice of photography has sunk in the estimation of some sections; how contemptuously Cornhill writers speak of the alacrity in sinking which the advent of a "cheap and obtrusive photographer" occasions in a shabby-genteel terrace; and how other writers class, having one's boots cleaned, eating a penny ice, and being photographed, as the three things which are in this modern age most clamorously required of a man in the streets of London. How, on the other hand, no great demonstration, meeting, or ceremony can be allowed to come and go without photography being called in to perpetuate, as it were, a tangible, transferable, *memory* of the occurrence; and lastly, how, on the occasion of the recent solar eclipse, the whole scientific world was looking with anxiety for the testimony of the photograph, which, it was universally admitted, was to set at rest questions and doubts with respect to the physical constitution of the sun, which might otherwise remain for ever unanswered.

The public cannot fail to give a passing thought to photography when brought so pointedly before them as in these cases, and some little interest is generally evinced when the account of any particular photographic *tour de force* finds its way into the newspapers. A short time ago it was proposed to

employ the powers of photography in the production of facsimiles of wills, settlements, deeds, conveyances, and other important legal documents. These were to be reduced to a microscopic minuteness (for instance we have seen one side of the *Times* reduced in this manner to the eighth of an inch square, still retaining perfect legibility under the microscope), and duplicate copies lodged in separate places of safeguard, to mitigate in some degree the serious inconveniences and loss which would be occasioned by a destruction by fire or otherwise of the original document.

The unimpeachable evidence of the photograph has likewise been on more than one occasion of service in our law courts; an inspection of its infallible record placing any subject more clearly before a jury than would have been possible by the contradictory evidence of a dozen human witnesses, each with a bias in a different direction.

The suggestion has also been made to employ this power of microscopic reduction in the arts of warfare. Suppose, for example, that two portions of the same army are encamped at a distance of one or two miles apart, the communication being cut off by the enemy. A very simple arrangement would enable the fullest despatches to pass from one side to the other, without risk, and almost with the rapidity of electricity. The despatch is written, and a micro-photograph taken, which reduces it within the limits—if a long one—of a square inch. This is placed inside a hollow conical bullet, and the end closed with lead. The hoisting of a given signal would announce that a messenger was about to be forwarded; and with the accuracy which now distinguishes our rifles, a commander might have his despatches delivered with a speed and punctuality to which no post-office has yet attained. In the case of a beleaguered town, too, such a method of communication between its inhabitants and an army approaching to relieve it, might be invaluable. In the same manner it has been suggested that micro-photographs of the most democratic article in the *Times*, or the most satirical woodcut in *Punch*, could be easily let six deep into the jewelled bracelet of patriotic dames, and thus smuggled through the best-guarded frontier of Europe.

And when accounts are received of a sanguine tourist having succeeded in photographing an execution with the head in the act of falling; or of another skilful experimentalist seizing a breaking wave on the beach and fixing it on his plate, with the cresting drops of foam hanging suspended in the air; or when we hear of a shell being arrested in its flight and made to imprint its image as it issues from the monster 36-inch mortar, it is impossible to withhold our admiration for the marvellous powers of this physico-chemical art. At a whisper, too, of successful photographic forgeries of bank-notes, some small excitement is caused in Threadneedle or Lombard streets; and on the other hand, when accounts are heard of £10,000 being annually saved in a Government department by employing photography instead of hand labour in the reduction of ordnance maps, the public are very ready to admit that the Sun is capable of nobler deeds than that of face-mapping; but few look beyond the surface and trace the revolution which is being effected by this power in the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the empire. In the first place, then, let us see what influence it exerts upon our current literature. In this kingdom alone, there are no less than six separate and independent periodicals, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, and quarterly, solely devoted to this art, supported by writers of ability, fairly if not brilliantly edited, and each well filled with advertisements addressed to its own circle of readers.

The aggregate number of the latter it would be impossible to estimate with any degree of certainty; but for several reasons we judge that they would be under-estimated at 10,000. The societies, or rather gossiping-clubs, as they might more appropriately be called, *verbatim* reports of whose meetings occupy not a few pages of these several journals, next claim our attention. One, at least, is to be met with in nearly every town of importance in the kingdom, the metropolis rejoicing in no less than six, each having its president and officers, its periodical days of meeting, annual exhibition, and full dress *soirée*.

Such being the amount and importance of what we may consider as merely ministering to the luxury of the art, how shall we find its necessities cared for. The manufacture of Tiphaigne's "volatile adhesive liquid" (collodion), gives at the present time constant employment to some thousands, and has within the last few years more than quadrupled the demand for the chemicals employed in its preparation. The manufacture of the glass plates, which form the foundation for the popular and cheap positives, finds occupation for several glass works, where they are turned out by the thousand gross and ton-weight at a time, whilst other large manufactories are constantly engaged in meeting the demand for cameras, lenses, and other articles in wood, brass, gutta percha, earthenware, and paper. The apparently trivial article of commerce, a bookmark, when ornamented with a photograph, becomes of no small importance, considering that one house in a single order has asked for a thousand gross. And quite recently, the germ of what must soon become another considerable branch of commerce has fallen under our notice—that of photographic shirt-studs and waistcoat-buttons ornamented with microscopic miniatures. These are now being daily produced in countless numbers at the button-manufactories in Prussia; portraits of popular persons, Garibaldi for instance, being ordered by the hundred thousand at a time. To some tastes (and the manufacturer must consult all classes) a principle attraction are the pretty faces which some of these buttons contain, and we have heard amusing accounts of the flutter which has been created owing to the sudden demand for this latter commodity in the manufactories of these trinkets.

A consideration of the silver passing through the photographer's hands is, however, of far more importance than any of the preceding, if we think for a moment of the enormous amount which is thus consumed. From reliable data we estimate the amount of this precious metal used by photographers as not less than twenty tons weight per annum. The whole of this may be considered as withdrawn from commerce, and a great part of it as irretrievably lost to the world; for, in spite of attempts on the part of some operators to collect the valuable residues, at least one-half finds its way down the sink, thence to the sewers, and ultimately to the sea, where it is likely to remain, unless the silver which is gradually precipitated upon the copper bottoms of ships may be considered as part of the contributions of extravagant photographers to the treasures of the deep.

As a medium for illustrating books the photograph has not hitherto met with the success which it deserves, the length of time required in printing, and consequently the expensive nature of this kind of embellishment, being

\* *Giphantie à Babylone*. 12mo. 1760.



such as to prevent its general adoption. If, however, there be any truth in the accounts recently received of an American invention, by means of which photographs are to be printed at the rate of 12,000 per hour, another important revolution will be effected by the sun's agency, and we shall ere long see our illustrated newspapers adorned with photographs of the scenes for which they now have to depend upon the skill of the wood-engraver.

#### BALFE'S NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

In this opera, "*Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*," Balfe appears in a somewhat new aspect. Hitherto his "line" has chiefly been the *Opéra Comique*, and his music has generally been gay, light, and airy. His new work belongs rather to the grand serious opera, or what the French call *lyrical tragedy*; and he has adopted an elaborate, grandiose style of which few traces appear in his previous works. He has laid aside Auber as a model, and betaken himself to Meyerbeer. For our clever and popular countryman, with many merits, has not the merit of a distinctly-formed style and individuality of character. He has grace, beauty, and polish, readiness of thinking, and admirable skill in clothing his thoughts with language. He has something of the nature of the chameleon. His hues are bright, but they are variable and reflected from external objects; the external objects being the peculiarities of the composers whose works for the time engage his attention. This detracts little from the pleasantness and popularity of his music, but it must stand in the way of his claim to a place among the great masters of the art.

With the view of this change of style Mr. Balfe has sought suitable materials to work upon, but he has not, we think, been entirely successful. He has found, with the help of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, a drama of the same large proportions and imposing aspect as the pieces produced on the stage of the Grand Opera. But its real tragic power and the amount of interest which it excites, are not in proportion to its pretentious form; and the music suffers, because, not being borne up by the strength of the subject, it seems exaggerated, and fails to make the designed impression. The occasional heaviness thus produced is the chief fault of the opera, though it is redeemed by great and numerous beauties.

The libretto is founded on a forgotten melodrama of the once celebrated Monk Lewis, called "*Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice*," a piece which was popular in the day when Mrs. Anne Radcliffe's romances were in fashion. But such things are out of date now; our taste is changed, both literary and dramatic; tales of Italian brigands have become stale, even at the Adelphi; to find fitting audiences, they must be transported to the Surrey side of the river, or the regions of the Far East. The tediousness of this particular tale we shall not bestow upon our readers; a slight indication of the subject will show its nature. The hero is a certain prince of Ferrara, between whom and the daughter of the Duke of Milan a marriage has been contracted; but the prince is a romantic gentleman—a male *Lydia Languish*—who has no relish for a plain, prosaic wedding, but must have his nuptials seasoned with a sufficient quantity of difficulties and adventures, all of his own seeking. Accordingly, he assumes various disguises; first, that of an obscure adventurer, and then that of a brigand chief, the terror of the country. Having contrived to mystify his mistress, and expose her to needless danger of her life, only that he may rescue her from it; and having (which is really something worth while) defeated a conspiracy against the duke, he thinks he has done enough, and brings about the *dénouement* by the simple declaration that he is neither adventurer or bravo, but the Prince of Ferrara, the *fiancé* of the princess.

In all this there is nothing natural or real; nothing but a string of stage artifices and conventionalities. Our attention may be kept alive by a rapid series of incidents—we may enjoy the beauty of the music, the talent of the performers, the richness and brilliancy of the *spectacle*; but no deep interest is excited in behalf of any of the persons of the drama; and the language in which they express their passions and emotions, is deprived of its main strength, the strength which it derives from the sympathetic feelings of the audience. Look at "*Norma*," the "*Sonnambula*," the "*Huguenots*;" nay, look at pieces which are weak in music but strong in interest, such as "*Ernani*" or the "*Foscari*," and we see how the power of the music is heightened by the power of the drama. In the choice of their subjects, our English composers exercise little judgment: they seem unable to discriminate between good and bad; and this defect, rather than the inferiority of musical genius, still keeps them, even in the opinion of their countrymen, below their foreign rivals.

Notwithstanding, however, the disadvantages under which Mr. Balfe has laboured, he has produced an opera which is not only successful, but deserves its success. His great experience, knowledge of the means of musical effect, and command of the resources of his art, have enabled him to adopt a style which, though not natural to him, he well knows how to assume. His long rounded periods, resonant harmonies, and large masses of sound, have an imposing grandeur, of which there is little in his previous works; and his concerted pieces, full of dramatic action, are constructed with a masterly skill, worthy of Meyerbeer or Rossini. As in all Balfe's operas, there are several beautiful airs and ballads. Those which are most likely to become popular are "*My childhood's days*," and "*'Twas my only thought*," two charming ballads sung by Miss Louisa Pyne; a brilliant and impassioned song, "*Yes, I shall see him once again*," also sung by her; an air, "*The hope I may forget*," and a most animated song and chorus, "*Glorious wine*," sung by Mr. Harrison.

If Mr. Balfe has not been altogether happy in the subject of his Opera, he has been completely so in its performance. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison exert their whole powers, and the other principal parts are admirably sustained by Miss Thirlwall (a delightful light comedian, as well as an accomplished singer), Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Laurence, and Mrs. Wharton. The orchestra and chorus (nearly identical with those of the Royal Italian Opera), have never been equalled in any English theatre; and the scenery, decorations, dancing,—everything which belongs to the *spectacle*—are such as are seen only on the boards of Covent Garden.

GEORGE III.'S SAYING OF SCOTCHMEN AND IRISHMEN.—"I never knew," said George III. to an eminent statesman, "one Scotchman speak ill of another, unless he had a reason for it; and I never knew one Irishman speak well of another unless he had a reason for it."

#### PEKIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The great rivers of northern China are the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Hoang-ho, and the Pei-ho, which, descending from the highlands of Central Asia towards the same point on the shores of the Pacific, have formed a vast delta, extending in length 700 miles from the neighbourhood of the Great Wall southwards to the northern slopes of the Nanling chain, which forms a great barrier between the southern seaboard and the central provinces of the empire. This plain varies in width from 150 miles in the latitude of Pekin, to 500 in the latitude of Nankin. It contains an area of 210,000 square miles, that is to say, it is seven times as extensive as the plain of Lombardy. It is traversed in its whole length by the imperial canal, a great work, connecting the three rivers above mentioned, which, constructed so early as the seventh century, has contributed to render the rich countries through which it passes the most populous on the globe. The population of the Chinese plain, comparatively limited as is the area it covers, is no less than 170 millions; that is to say, nearly equal to one-third of the population of Europe.

In the south, where the plain is traversed by the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Hoang-ho, the fertile alluvial soil abounds with fine trees, and produces magnificent crops of wheat, cotton, rice, and tobacco. It becomes more sandy and poor as it approaches Pekin; but, even in its northern parts, it is rich and luxuriant, and produces wheat and millet in the greatest abundance. The Great Wall represented in the Map was constructed in the second century before Christ, to protect the fertile region we have just described from the incursions of the wild Tartar hordes, who wandered then as they wander now, over the great desert of Central Asia. It is formed principally of earth, faced on each side with brick or masonry, and paved on the top with tiles. Its thickness at the base is twenty-five feet, its height from fifteen to thirty feet. The city of Pekin is, as appears from the Map, not more than thirty miles from the Great Wall. It is completely surrounded with walls forty feet high, and surmounted by a parapet deeply crenellated. The thickness of these walls is twenty feet at the base and ten on the top, where the parapet is built. They slope inwards at some places by embankments, up which horsemen can ascend to the edge, and ride along the wide surface at the top, which forms a roadway. Outside the wall are, at short distances, huge square towers. There are sixteen gates leading through it into the town. Over each of them is a watch-tower nine stories high, and in each story are port-holes for cannon. The appearance of the city from the plain is dull and uninteresting. No spires or minarets rise above the mass of fantastic roofs, which, covered, however, with yellow, green, and red tiles, or richly gilded, glitter brightly in the sun.

Pekin is divided into two great parts—the Tartar city and the Chinese city. In the heart of the former lies the Imperial Palace, or "prohibited city," and the pleasure-grounds surrounding it. The grounds within its inclosure are raised in artificial hills, on which great palaces are built. They are surrounded with canals and lakes, in which are small islands surmounted with kiosks and pavilions glittering among magnificent old trees—the whole presenting a scene of enchantment which has been enthusiastically described by Father Artier, one of the few Europeans who have seen it. The population of the "prohibited city" is very small. Outside of it is another inclosure, the "imperial city," to which admission is only accorded to persons known to the court. It is two square miles in extent, and is surrounded by what is called the Imperial or Yellow wall. In this and the preceding inclosure there are upwards of 200 palaces, all of great size. The Tartar city, properly so called, lies beyond the Imperial city. Near its southern gate are the principal government offices; and in the same district is the college of the Russian Embassy. On the wall, at the south-east corner stands the observatory, and near it the hall for literary examinations.

The "Outer, or Chinese city" lies to the south of the Tartar city. There are also two enclosures within the circuit, surrounding temples to Heaven and to Agriculture. The streets of Pekin run in straight lines. Those of the greatest importance are from 140 to 200 feet in width and three miles in length. They are well aired, clean, and cheerful. The houses are of one story and are used in all the principal streets as shops, being adorned with wooden pillars, painted or gilt, behind which the goods are tastefully displayed. A busy crowd at all times throng the thoroughfares. Although broad they are constantly blocked up with booths and wheelbarrows belonging to mechanics. A space, however, is left in the middle along which carts and strings of dromedaries, laden with coals, and funeral processions, are constantly passing and repassing. The private houses are never imposing externally, and do not open into the streets, but are reached by lanes, which run into the great thoroughfares, and which are locked up at night. The great majority of the people are very poor, and the government always has had great difficulty in quelling the mob, which is said to be very turbulent. The climate being bitterly cold during the winter, the houses are warmed with flues; but fuel is very expensive, and the inhabitants therefore trust more to thick garments than to heated rooms as the means of withstanding its effects. The population is estimated at 2,000,000.

#### THE TREATMENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—As in the infancy of the Legion you inserted in "THE LONDON REVIEW" an article which manifested a generous conception of its patriotic object, the remarks of your correspondent of last week are entitled to some notice on the part of promoters of the Legion, who necessarily limit themselves to replying to official mis-statements affecting its reputation, it being impossible, and undesirable if possible, to reply to all attacks upon it which political prepossession and ignorance of the history of the Legion may incite.

Your correspondent, "One who has just returned from Italy," must have enjoyed peculiar means of not knowing the truth. He is not aware of what took place on the field of Melazzo. English arms were wanted to turn the fortunes of



of the day, and well those who were there acquitted themselves. In many then-expected battles, Italy would have been proud of British aid, and grateful for it. If happily that aid, when it came, was little required, let us not underrate the heroism which supplied it. Enemies of the unity of Italy have spoken ungratefully of the design of the Legion; but let us note that the men did not go expecting their praise. No good is ever done which is not defamed by some one. He who decries a noble project on that ground will never stimulate the loftier sentiments of his race.

"One who has just returned from Italy" quite misstates the facts of the career of the Legion. Consigned to one utterly incompetent to command, who had a military secretary quite as disastrously constituted, the Legionists were demoralized, starved, and goaded into disorganization. This was an accident that cannot happen always. Col. Peard refused a commissariat for the men. This monstrous fact, which accounts for anything ruinous, is not recognized, and seems unknown to your correspondent. The men expected hardships in the course of military duty; but they were not led to expect betrayal to absolute starvation, wanton and reckless abandonment to hunger, by one of their own officers and countrymen. Considering their treatment, the behaviour of the men has been admirable. Every officer who returns home, and has been an observer of what has taken place, testifies to the admirable qualities of the Volunteers, and with what ease ordinary good management would have secured the most satisfactory results. The heroic reticence of the men in not filling English newspapers with complaints is proof of their high qualities. The complaining has been done by correspondents gratuitously.

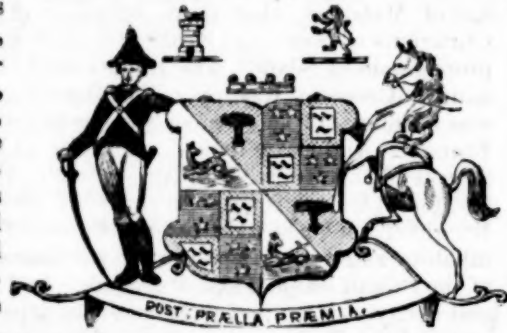
Dr. Bertani applied the money sent to him as Garibaldi sanctioned. To find fault with Bertani's disposition of funds is to find fault with the conquest of the Sicilies by Garibaldi; for, without the forlorn hopes which Bertani organized, and Mazzini found heroic men to constitute, there would have been no liberation of the Two Sicilies. Not sixpence of the money of the Legion ever went through Bertani's hands. Not £18,000, as your correspondent states, but £14,000, will be the whole cost of the Legion to the Sardinian Government: which was incurred not by England but by Garibaldi's agents, and which the Garibaldi Special Fund Committee in London are endeavouring to raise subscriptions to repay. Mr. Isaac, who is harshly traduced as a Jew, acted throughout in an honourable manner. He did not seek the contracts. He did not make them. He accepted them on solicitation, when others were unable to fulfil them; and his application for payment was sanctioned by the London Committee, and was not made as represented. But I do not pursue these details. The remarks upon the cost of transport are utterly erroneous, and made in entire ignorance of the terms of the contract. No true Garibaldian regrets that the Legion went to Naples; he only regrets that it fell, owing to the inexperience of Lord Seymour (Colonel Peard's military secretary), under disastrous command. Every wise Garibaldian foresees the day when the British Legion will be needed again, and deplores the unwise and unjust tone taken with regard to it.

LANDOR PRAED.

## NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### LORD ROSSMORE.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., at Rossmore House, county Monaghan, the Right Hon. Henry Robert Westenra, 3rd Lord Rossmore, in the peerage of Ireland, aged 68. The deceased nobleman was the eldest son of Warner William, second peer, by his first wife, Marianne, 2nd daughter of Charles Walsh, Esq., of Walsh Park, county Tipperary, and was born in August 1792. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Bute-shire, and Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of county Monaghan, and represented that county in the Liberal interest from 1820, with slight intermissions, till he succeeded to the title in 1842, on the death of his father, who had been created at Her Majesty's coronation a peer also of the United Kingdom. Lord Rossmore was twice married; first in 1820, to Miss Ann Douglas Hamilton, a natural daughter of the 8th Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who died in 1844 without issue. He married, secondly, in 1846, Julia Ellen Josephine, 2nd daughter of Henry Lloyd, Esq., of Farinora, co. Tipperary, by whom he had issue four daughters and four sons. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son Mr. Henry Cairns Westenra, now 4th Lord Rossmore, who was born in 1851. The family of Westenra is of ancient extraction in Holland, and the first of his lordship's ancestors settled in Ireland, was Warner Westenra, Esq., who was made a free denizen by act of Parliament, A.D. 1662. The Irish peerage of Rossmore was bestowed in 1796, on the Right Hon. Robert Cuninghame, a General in the army, and Colonel of the 5th Dragoons, with remainder to his wife's nephew, the father of the nobleman so recently deceased.



### LIEUT.-COL. HAMERTON, C.B.

On Friday, the 23rd ult., at 22, Lansdowne-place, Cheltenham, aged 71, after a lingering illness, Lieut.-Col. John M. Hamerton, a gallant Peninsular officer. He was nephew of the late Sir W. Meadows, and nearly connected with the family of Earl Manvers. A braver soldier never served in the British army. He entered the service in 1806, joined the 95th regiment as second Lieutenant, was in that regiment when it formed part of Sir John Moore's celebrated Brigade. In 1808 he obtained a Lieutenantancy in the 7th Fusiliers, with which regiment he landed at Lisbon in April, went through the campaigns of 1809 and 1810, was at the battles of Talavera and Busaca. He took part in the battles of Vittoria and Pampeluna, and in the Pyrenees, where he was wounded, and returned to England. He rejoined his regiment in 1815, and landed with it just two days too late to take part in the glorious and crowning battle of Waterloo. Colonel Hamerton was present at the Lines of Torres Vedras, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and took part in the affair of Roncesvalles,—in every instance acquitting himself as a brave and gallant soldier. He was also present at the capture of Paris; and on the breaking up of the Army

of Occupation, in 1816, got the rank of Brevet-Major; but shortly after retired on half-pay; became Lieut.-Colonel in succession, and sold out altogether a few years back. For the above services, Colonel Hamerton received the silver medal with seven clasps.

### SIR H. MARSH, BART.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., at his residence in Dublin, at an advanced age, Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., M.D., M.R.I.A., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty in Ireland. The deceased Baronet was the only surviving son of the late Rev. Robert Marsh, rector of Killynan, co. Galway; his mother was Sophia, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Wolseley (and granddaughter of Sir Richard Wolseley, Bart., of Mount Wolseley, co. Carlow), by Alice his wife, daughter of the famous Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart., of Castle Dillon, co. Armagh, Physician-General to the army in Ireland. His great-great-grandfather, who was Archbishop of Dublin, and married a daughter of the learned and eloquent Bishop Jeremy Taylor, represented an old Gloucestershire family, long settled at Edgeworth, in that county. Sir Henry was raised to the baronetcy in 1839. He married, first, Anne, daughter of Thomas Crowe, Esq., of Ennis, co. Clare, and widow of William Arthur, Esq., by whom (who died in 1846) he had issue an only son, Henry, major in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who now succeeds to the title. Sir Henry married, secondly, in 1856, Mary, only daughter of the Rev. Robert Jelly of Portarlinton, and widow of Thomas Kemmis, Esq., of Shaen House, Queen's Co., Ireland. Sir Henry Marsh traced his descent up to the brother of Archbishop Chicheley, and to the sister of William of Wykeham, and consequently enjoyed the privileges of "Founders' Kin" at All Souls' and New Colleges, Oxford.



### LADY A. MURRAY.

On Thursday, the 6th instant, at Ochertyre, Perthshire, aged 48, the Lady Adelaide Augusta Lavinia Keith Murray, wife of Sir William Keith Murray Bart. Her Ladyship was the youngest of the four daughters of Francis, Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, K.G., and Governor-General of India, by Flora, Countess of Loudoun, in her own right, and sister of the late Marchioness of Bute, Lady Selina C. Henry, and the late lamented Lady Flora Hastings, formerly one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Her Ladyship, in July 1854, became the second wife of Sir William Keith Murray, seventh and present Baronet, of Ochertyre, the eldest son of the late Sir Patrick Murray, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.



### LADY HERBERT.

On Thursday the 29th ult., at Florence, Lady Herbert, widow of the late Sir C. L. Herbert, Knt., in the 75th year of her age. Her ladyship was Anne, daughter of the late Humphrey Jeffreys, Esq., of the city of Bristol, and married in 1812, Sir Charles Lyon Herbert, M.D., who was knighted in 1836, and died in 1855, at Florence, where he had lived for many years after retiring from his wide and extensive practice as a fashionable physician at the West End of London.

### HON. MRS. FOLEY.

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., at Prestwood, near Stourbridge, aged 36, the Hon. Mrs. Henry T. Wentworth Foley. The deceased lady was the Hon. Jane Frances Anne, 2nd daughter of General Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, G.C.B., afterwards Lord Vivian, by Eliza, daughter of Philip Champion de Crespigny, Esq., of Alborough, Norfolk. She was born in May, 1824, and married in December, 1854, Henry John Wentworth Foley, Esq., M.P. for South Staffordshire, only son of J. H. Hodgetts Foley, Esq., M.P. for East Worcestershire, cousin of Lord Foley, by whom she has left issue a son, Paul, born December, 1857.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Claude Joseph Alexandre Marquis de Brachet, de Peyrusse, de Floressac, residing in Rue Neuve des Mathurins, in the city of Paris, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, having died possessed of property and securities in this country to the amount of £14,000 personalty, it became necessary to prove his will in the London court, and the testamentary documents bearing date respectively 1844, 1850, 1857, and 1859, were thereupon translated from the French language into the English, and were administered to on the 10th of the present month. The marquis has disposed of his property in the following manner. His late nephew, Count de Brachet, who was the principal legatee, having died previous to the testator, he has bequeathed the "usufruct" to the Countess de Brachet, the widow of his nephew; she takes the grant as the mother and guardian of his, the testator's, grand-nephew and grand-nieces, to whom the marquis has left the ultimate residue of his property. There are several legacies and annuities to his friends and to his dependents. The will is in the marquis's own handwriting, and there is a very remarkable circumstance alluded to by him with reference to premature interment, which is thus stated—"My uncle having been nearly buried alive, was on the seventh day discovered by my father to have resumed his senses, and lived for fifteen years afterwards. Believing that many persons are so interred, I request that I may be watched until the seventh day, then an incision to be made in my left heel, and my body opened without disturbing the interior; on these conditions being observed, I direct the sum of 2,000 fr. be given to the poor of the parish."

William Franks, Esq., F.R.S., of Woodhill, near Hatfield, Herts, died at Brighton, on the 14th of November last, aged 72, having made his will on the 1st of September, 1855, with a codicil in 1856, and another in 1860, appointing as his executors, the Rev. Edward Franks Hodgson, M.A., rector of Holton, with Bickering Lincoln, the testator's nephew, and William Franks, Esq., the testator's eldest son, to whom probate was granted by the London court, on the 8th of the present month. The personal property was sworn under £30,000. To his eldest son he has devised his real estates, subject to certain annuities and



charges thereon, and has appointed him residuary legatee of his personality, he also receives a sum of £15,000 under a marriage settlement, in which the testator took a life interest, having survived his wife five years. To his son, the Rev. Edward Robert Franks, rector of Downham Market, Norfolk, he leaves the sum of £4,000, and the right of presentation to the living of Downham Market, annual value exceeding £400; he has also bequeathed to him several articles of plate, his brougham, gig, and other specific bequests. To his daughter, Jane Caroline, he leaves the legacy of £1,000, in addition to £4,500 under settlement, she is also left many specific bequests. There are liberal legacies to his servants. This gentleman, who maintained an elevated position in society, had graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He was also a magistrate for the county of Herts. His son and heir, William Franks, Esq., married a daughter of the late Major-General Sir John T. Jones, Bart., K.C.B., was called to the bar in 1846, is also a magistrate for Herts, and for Middlesex.

Baron Dickinson Webster, Esq., of Penns, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, died on the 4th of August last, at the age of 42. His will bears date the 29th of December last, and a codicil in January, 1860, which were proved in the London court on the 27th of last month, by two of the executors and trustees, Henry Fox Bristowe, Esq., and Charles Cooper, surveyor, of Sutton Coldfield; to the latter he leaves, for the period of three years, the annual sum of £50, and £30 a year for the following ten years, for the trouble he will have in managing the estate. The other executors appointed are the relict and Peter Charles G. Webster, Esq., the testator's brother; to Mr. Webster and to Mr. Bristowe he leaves each the sum of 50 guineas to purchase some token of remembrance of him. The personality was sworn under £12,000, which amount is exclusive of freehold. He leaves to his relict an immediate legacy of £600, together with certain diamonds and ornamental jewellery, household furniture, carriages, and other effects, for her own use absolutely, and a life-interest in the library of books and the plate, and in the annual proceeds arising from the residue of his real and personal estate. The testator directs that the sums of £6,000 and £2,000 are to be invested for the benefit of his eldest son and his daughter until they are of age, and to his daughter he has left the rest of the jewellery. On the demise of the widow, the residuary estate is to be divided, under certain stipulations, amongst all his children. The testator was Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Warwick, also a magistrate for that county and for Staffordshire, and held the rank of captain in the Staffordshire Yeomanry.

General Sir Henry Wyndham, K.C.B., M.P., of Cockermouth Castle, Cumberland, died possessed of personal property to the amount of £70,000. He had made his will on the 17th of July, 1856, and gave his real estate to his adopted daughter, Georgiana Fanula, wife of Charles Wyndham, Lieutenant 9th Bengal Light Cavalry, as well as all his personal estate, to her and her heirs, &c., absolutely, and appointed her sole executrix. This lady, the sole legatee, died in 1858, and no other will having been discovered, letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted to Sir Henry's relict, Elizabeth Lady Wyndham, the estate having to be divided under the statute of Distributions. Sir Henry entered the army at the early age of 16, served during the memorable campaign in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. In the latter part of his life he represented Cockermouth and West Cumberland in Parliament.

David Jardine, Esq., one of the Magistrates of Bow-street Police-office, of Cumberland-terrace, Hyde Park, died on the 13th of September last, at his country residence, Weybridge, Surrey. His will bears date the 20th of October, 1852, and the executors are his wife and the Rev. John Gylby Lonsdale, M.A., Canon of Lichfield; the latter alone has taken the grant of probate, the wife having died previous to the testator. The will is short, and entirely in Mr. Jardine's own handwriting. He devised his real estate to his wife, bequeathing to her also his personal property; the latter estimated for probate duty at £14,000. Mr. Jardine made no further disposition of his property since the death of his wife, who was the sole legatee, and the only person who would have derived any benefit under the will. Owing to this circumstance, the estate has to be divided in pursuance of the statute of Distributions.

Lady Macdonald, formerly of Arlington-street, Piccadilly, who died at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, on the 16th of October last, had made her will on the 8th of September, 1846. She appointed her sister, Lady Malcolm, sole executrix, who proved the will, with a codicil, in the London court on the 29th of last month. Personality sworn under £7,000. Her ladyship bequeathed all her property, real and personal, to her sister. By the codicil, executed in 1851, she directs the sum of £600 to be paid to her servants, James Short and his wife, or to either of them, if in her ladyship's service at the time of her decease, also a sum of £100 to another servant, under similar conditions. Her ladyship's Christian names were Amelia Maria Harriet, and she designated herself "A. M. H. Kinnier Macdonald, or A. M. H. Macdonald Kinnier."

HAIR-DRESSING IN POLYNESIA—CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—"There is," observes the Rev. Mr. Turner, in his work on Polynesia, "something quite unusual in the way the men do up their hair. They wear it twelve and eighteen inches long, and have it divided into some six or seven hundred little locks, or tresses. Beginning at the roots, every one of these is carefully wound round by the thin rind of a creeping plant, giving it the appearance of a piece of twine. The ends are left exposed for about two inches, and oiled and curled. This curious collection of six hundred locks of hair is thrown back off the forehead, and hangs down behind. The little curled ends are all of equal length, and form a semi-circle of curls from ear to ear, or from shoulder to shoulder. Viewed at a distance you imagine that the man has got some strange wig on, made of whip-cords. It reminds one of the Egyptian gallery in the British Museum, and strikingly compares with the illustrations in recent works on Nineveh. Those twisted beards, also, hanging down in lots of little curls, two or three inches below the chin, which are to be seen in engravings from the Assyrian sculptures, are precisely what is to be seen at the present day at Tanna." Dr. Livingstone has found something like it in South Africa—"Travels in South Africa," p. 624.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTIONS IN TANNA.—The savages of Tanna, we are informed by the missionary clergyman, the Rev. George Turner, have the heavens portioned out into constellations. They have the canoe with its outrigger; the duck, and a man near it with his bow drawn, and taking his aim; the cooking-house tongs; the company of little children all sitting eating, and many other objects. These constellations form their astronomical clock; and by looking up they can tell you whether it is near morning or midnight. Then they have their traditions as to how these canoes, and ducks, and children got up to the heavens."

## Reviews of Books.

### THE ASIAN MYSTERY.\*

LABOUR is not always rewarded by the results, to gain which the toil was commenced and undergone. This is often discouraging; but there is consolation in the fact that no good efforts are utterly wasted; they bear fruit in due season, even if the harvest be not always what we expected. Of no kind of labour can this be more frequently recorded than that of the missionary in foreign, imperfectly civilized, or wholly barbarous, lands. Those to whom he is sent, may not receive so readily, or extensively, as could be wished, the instructions of the teacher; but there are very few established missions that have not largely increased our knowledge of the waste places of the world. To such knowledge this volume is a remarkable contribution. It is the result of the observation and research of a clergyman who spent many years among the mountains of Syria, associating constantly with a section of its inhabitants, who have for many ages, preserved a peculiar creed. It is neither Christian nor Mahometan, yet includes some of the tenets and practices of both, strangely blended with something of a Paganism more ancient than either. It indicates a Persian origin of the race or tribe, and contains distinct traces of Buddhism in a belief in the transmigration of souls. It cannot be imputed as blame to the sower that the seed falls on a stony soil, where, "having no root, it withereth." And we gather by inference, for it is not distinctly stated, that Mr. Lyde's labour of many years, was not a thankful one. A faint hope for the future is all he ventures to express. But the opportunity of tracing the history of such a race, and investigating so singular a creed, has been well employed.

The work is especially interesting at the present time; it was written before the outbreak of religious fanaticism in Syria startled Europe with a tale of sanguinary horrors. The author, we regret to learn, died at Cairo, in the spring of the present year, and his work could not be coloured by the dreadful events that have since occurred. Yet without predicting, it foreshadows them; Syria is the very hotbed of the wildest heresies that have sprung up among Christians and Mahometans; and the hatred of each sect for all the others, is fierce and inextinguishable, or to be quenched only in blood. The feeble Turkish Government has now been roused, by England and France, into sudden and spasmodic severity; but before the massacres, its authority was either nominal, or so apathetic, as to furnish no restraint to the wars of tribe with tribe. Its contempt for the "dogs" of every creed differing from that of Islam, was complete. Like Iago, it was quite indifferent which of the opponents was exterminated, or whether they all destroyed each other; "either way worked its gain."

Indeed, for many years, the only perceptible policy of the Turks, was to incite hostilities between Maronites and Druses alternately, giving support to each by turns, that they might be a check on each other. But at last, the constant state of war thus encouraged, grew beyond the control of its official abettors; the Druses appeared to have the decided advantage, and pashas and governors, already disposed to indulge that hatred of the Christian name, which is the most active form of Moslem zeal, joined the winning side. But Europe, startled at last by the too Oriental savagery of the whole proceeding, has interfered, and the central government has been compelled to act in repression and punishment of what it had long viewed with criminal indifference. We notice these later events, in connection with Mr. Lyde's work; for though it does not treat specially either of the Maronites or Druses, it so well describes the previous condition of the whole land and people, that the Syrian massacres cannot be clearly understood without the information the "Asian Mystery" abundantly supplies.

In the centre from whence Christianity spread over the civilized world it began early to be corrupted by mixture with strange doctrines, gathered from the Egyptians, the Arabian idolators, even from the Persians and Hindoos. Sects innumerable split up the population that was still Christian in name; and in the age of Mahomet, that fierce reformer of the idolatrous Arab tribes, found the Christians of Syria too weak, too divided, and too corrupt, to resist the armed propaganda of Islam. The Roman eagle had to loose its clutch of the Holy City, and the Crescent rose over the Church of the Sepulchre. The Moslem power was absolute till the era of the Crusades of the Christian Powers of Western Europe. And those incursions rather added to the many confusions of the East, than tended to reclaim its faith; finally, they left the power of the Turks as they had found it—supreme. In the centuries that have rolled away since the last Knight Templar sailed from the shores of Syria, the condition of the Christian inhabitants has been, politically, the same as that of all other Christian subjects of the Sultan—abject and degraded. And their creed appears to have degenerated and decayed more and more with the lapse of time. Even under the misgovernment of the Pashas, the people of the Turkish provinces of Europe, such as the Servians and others, have found in the organization of the Greek Church a preserver of the main principles and doctrines of Christianity. The monastic establishments of that Church, even in Syria, keep comparatively bright,—a few points amid the darkness of the land.

The Church of Rome, too, by certain concessions, has contrived to retain a section of the people within its pale. But the European Churches, both Greek and Latin, are now weaker than ever, while the creed of Islam, in a terrible "revival" of fanaticism, has begun a war of extermination against all rival sects, that has only been stayed by what is equally a "revival"—the re-appearance in the East of the armed Powers of Europe in defence of the Christians. We wish we could give them that name in all its significance: but with the fact before us, that the Turks have constantly used one section of the people to check the power of the other, by internecine feuds and wars, we strongly doubt the right of any great body of the Syrians to the name of Christian. We doubt very much the orthodoxy of the Maronites; if they hold the Christian faith, it is certainly not proved by their works. They have suffered cruelly in these latter days; "the great tribulation coming upon the earth" has evidently come for them; but much of it is clearly retribution. There has been blood for blood, and fire for fire. The Druses stand out as avowed Pagans, or that perplexing variety of heathenism that can assume all creeds, because it believes none. It is the alliance between this protean paganism, with the intolerance of the followers of Mahomet, that has crushed the Maronites, by what we know as the Christian massacre.

The Ansaiireh, are another sect, neither Maronite, nor Druse; and the present investigation of their creed so directly invests their faith and practice with the dignity of being the "Asian Mystery," *par excellence*, that it might be taken for the solution of the great riddle propounded by Mr. Disraeli; it rather proves that Syria is full of such "mysteries." In the East no creed has preserved itself from change. Dissent is not peculiar to the West. There are more than seventy-four differing sects of Mahometanism; and the Christian schisms we cannot attempt to

\* The Asian Mystery. Illustrated in the History, Religion, and Present State of the Ansaiireh or Nusaiiree of Syria. By the Rev. Samuel Lyde, M.A. Longman & Co.



enumerate. Mr. Lyde draws lines of distinction between those he describes; he treats the Ansareeh as totally separated from the Druses. They seem to us to have some points of resemblance, while the faint tinge of Christian belief may ally them, to some extent, to the Maronites. We imagine that the confusion of creeds, through centuries of corruption, ignorance, and disorder, becomes almost as hopeless to the inquirer as the confusion of tongues. And the zeal of the investigator is soon chilled by abundant proof that, however the various sects may differ in belief, they agree with mournful sameness in life and character. Craft, treachery, greed, unquenchable bloodthirstiness, death-fends between district and district, town and town, mountain and plain, village and village; nay, the same village often has its little internal war, and the result is that a once populous and fertile land has become a desert, where civilization is fast dying out.

It is all a great problem; it presents a chapter in that long and sad history of Eastern misrule and decay that have blighted a fair half of the old world. Syria is only something worse than the other regions over which the Turks have ruled; all lands are accursed beneath them. Why Christian Europe, with its boundless wealth and power, its superiority in manhood, science, culture, and faith, tolerates the stupid tyranny of this camp of barbarians, anywhere within reach of its sword, is the real "Asian Mystery;" and we firmly believe another European crusade will, soon or late, be its solution. Wherever the Turks have set their foot, they have wasted the earth, and demoralized man. Why should the fairest places of the world be laid waste for ever? Submission to this horde of Asiatics was once a necessity; now it is a folly, or worse. It is the first duty of civilization to rid mankind of this oppression; it can then let that political see-saw, the "balance of power," settle itself. We may have doubts and scruples, but the work begun by Russia, and now timidly and furtively continued by France, must be carried on. Humanity gained considerably by the vigour that exterminated the Algerine pirates: that scoundrel community was spared too long; the Turks ought, for similar reasons, to be driven, as rulers, from every land of which there is a germ of hope.

We have wandered somewhat from Mr. Lyde's book; but it is full of matter that suggests many such reflections. It is a perfect mine of learning, the stored result of great research; the explanation of the creed and ritual of the Ansareeh, will interest the theologian, but it may also dishearten him. What can be said for a sect that makes its religion merely a kind of Masonic rite, only initiates the men to its secrets, leaving them to grow up in youth destitute of all instruction, and excludes women of every age from their worship—such as it is—altogether? They are said to celebrate a mangled form of the Christian sacrament, but they also believe in the transmigration of souls. Can an irrational jumble of misbelief be called a creed? As for their lives, Mr. Lyde describes them as systematic liars, thieves, murderers, and blasphemers,—barbarians, in fact, of the worst type. And we doubt whether some of the more numerous sects around them are much better. What they have all made the fair region of Syria, the book reveals most mournfully; for its condition now is worse than ever.

#### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.\*

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" is a valuable contribution to English literature. It is an account of the life, writings, and discoveries of one of the greatest men that ever lived, by a gentleman distinguished for his profound scholarship and scientific knowledge. The book is worthy of the subject to which it is devoted, and our only surprise with respect to such a piece of biography is that a second edition has not long before now.

We cannot, however, permit this second edition to pass into general circulation without calling attention to the Dedication, in which there appears a statement that requires a comment. Sir David Brewster, with perfect propriety, dedicates his "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" to H.R.H. Prince Albert. The Prince Consort is Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Sir Isaac Newton is the grand celebrity of Cambridge. It is therefore proper to dedicate a new biography of of that eminent man to the most illustrious living personage connected with the university. In the performance of such a task Sir David Brewster says of Prince Albert, that he is

"A Prince who has given such an impulse to the arts and sciences of England, and whose views, were they seconded by statesmen willing to extend education and advance science, would raise our country to a higher rank than it now holds among the nations of Europe in the arts and peace and of war."

In complimenting Prince Albert, a grave charge is made against the present and past Prime Ministers. Considering all that has been done of late years by successive administrations in the spread of education, this accusation seems to be equally harsh and unjust. The imputation touches all who have been Prime Ministers since Prince Albert became connected with the royal family of England. It depreciates all that has been done by Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Derby, and Lord Palmerston; and it affirms that they, by not seconding the views of the Prince Consort, have left this country, both as regards its power in war and its influence in peace, in a position far inferior to what it otherwise might occupy. The general notion prevailing in this country is not that entertained by Sir David Brewster; for here it is popularly believed that the foremost nation of the world is England; that the mightiest of all empires, in peace as in war, is that which acknowledges Her Majesty, Victoria, as the supreme sovereign. "Yes," it may be replied by Sir D. Brewster, "England's position is high, but if Prince Albert's views were seconded by statesmen willing to extend education and advance science, then they would have raised our country to a higher rank than it now holds."

This assertion of Sir David Brewster may be true. If true, it is of the utmost importance it should be known; and a rigid inquiry ought to be set on foot, in order that its accuracy may be placed beyond the possibility of doubt or controversy. It is for the purpose of provoking, and, if possible, compelling an investigation into the accuracy of the assertion, that we direct attention to it.

But the assertion may be a mere exaggeration. The high-flown compliment of a courtly author to a princely patron. If so, it is a compliment in very bad taste; for it seeks to elevate the Prince at the expense of British noblemen, who, whatever their political differences with each other, are all alike supposed and believed to be animated with a sincere love of their country, and to have on all occasions exhibited their desire to make England the greatest, richest, and happiest nation in the world.

A compliment to Prince Albert from an author in dedicating a book to His Royal Highness, would never be objected to, if that compliment was not paid at the expense of others, who are humbled, in order that the Prince may be exalted. If injustice has been (as we suspect it is) done to them, then we must regret that

\* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K.H., A.M., LL.D., F.R.S., and M.R.I.A., one of the Eight Associates of the Imperial Institute of France, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Frederick the Great, Honorary or Corresponding Member of the Academies of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Turin, Copenhagen, Munich, &c. Second edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1860.

Sir D. Brewster did not follow the example of the venerable Eutropius, who, wishing to flatter his patron, "the Lord Valens, Gothic, great, immortal, and august," complimented his prince, not upon the amount of his knowledge, but the vastness of his ignorance. These are the words of Eutropius in the dedication of his history, which he hopes will be agreeable to his patron, because, as he expresses it:—

"— that the divine mind of your Tranquillity may rejoice to find it has followed the conduct of illustrious men in governing the empire, before it was acquainted therewith by reading."

"— ut Tranquillitatis tue possit mens divina letari, prius se illustrium virorum facta in administrando imperio sequutum, quam cognosceret lectione."

The two greatest names connected with England are Shakspeare and Newton. With respect to the former, something has been done to prove to the world that Englishmen appreciate the glorious name and immortal memory of Shakspeare. Efforts have been made to preserve the house of Shakspeare in Stratford-upon-Avon. But is it so with Newton? Between Leicester-square and Trafalgar-square, still stands in its integrity the house occupied by Sir Isaac Newton. There were all his mighty and magnificent speculations pondered over. There his mind worked, and there immortal treatises were composed. Assuredly, that house should be regarded and preserved by all Englishmen as an almost sacred shrine; and if it were so treated by them, no doubt it would be, as such, visited by men of science from all portions of the globe. What now is its condition? It is not falling into decay, for it is made use of as—a poor-school!

The neglect of Newton's house is a scandal to the English nation—a reproach, especially to the inhabitants of London; and we cannot permit a new and valuable book, giving an account of his life, writings, and discoveries, to appear, without calling public attention to the condition in which the mansion in which "The Principia" were matured is permitted to remain, by those whose proudest boast ought to be that they are the fellow-countrymen of Sir Isaac Newton.

#### NINETEEN YEARS IN POLYNESIA.\*

On the 10th of August, 1840, the author of this work received his commission from the directors of the London Missionary Society to proceed to the island of Tanna, in the New Hebrides, for the purpose of establishing a mission. News had just then been received in London of the massacre of the Rev. John Williams, at Eromanga, an island the short distance of twenty miles from Tanna. The day after the author had received his commission he sailed from Gravesend; but owing to the difficulty of getting vessels to take him from place to place, he did not reach his destination until the month of June, 1842. The companion of the Rev. Mr. Turner in his missionary labours was the Rev. Mr. Nisbett. Both gentlemen were accompanied by their wives.

The undertaking in which the two clergymen engaged was full of peril. They were aware that the Rev. John Williams had been in the island of Tanna the very day before he was put to death at Eromanga; and they were assured at Samoa, where they stopped for some time, that it would be impossible for them to succeed in converting to Christianity the barbarous and immoral people amongst whom they proposed to settle. Confident in the goodness of their cause, and the protection of Heaven, the rev. gentlemen resolved upon adhering to the instructions given to them in London.

The manner in which the missionaries were first received at Tanna was particularly favourable, and promised a happy issue to their labours. How they were baffled, and by what accidents forced to abandon the island, forms a very curious chapter in the history of the human race.

The first circumstances that attracted the attention of the Christian strangers in their new place of abode were finding that the whole of the male population, from the oldest man to the youngest boy, went about armed with clubs, bows and arrows, spears and slings; that they carried arms with them even when engaged in agricultural operations; next, that they all painted their faces. "One would have the one half of his face smeared with red clay, and the other the plain, dark copper skin; another would have the brows and cheeks red; another would have the brow red and the cheeks black; another all the face red, and a round black glittering spot on the forehead; and another would have his face black all over." This last was the sign of mourning. All these, men and women, were avowed cannibals.

Upon the missionaries landing, they got six or seven of the chiefs together, and had a formal meeting with them. The chiefs assured the missionaries that, if they would settle in Tanna, the people would willingly listen to their teaching Christianity. The chiefs, moreover, pledged themselves to protect the missionaries, and never to require them to take any part in their fighting against neighbouring tribes. "They seemed," observes Mr. Turner, "willing to say Yes or No to everything, just as they thought it would please us. And so we landed, and commenced our missionary labours at Tanna."

The missionaries had not been twenty-four hours in Tanna before a very serious difficulty presented itself. These wild, untutored savages were, from the oldest to the youngest, "a set of notorious thieves;" and their notion of "criminality" was not "the act of stealing;" but stealing in such a clumsy manner as to be "found out." Here is a picture of a pious missionary—ready to endure martyrdom—but completely puzzled how he is, amongst a nation of pilferers, to keep a house over his head, or even a blanket on his bed:—

"A towel was missed here, a comb there, and a pair of scissors in another place. Nay, the very bed-quilt was caught, one afternoon, moving off towards a hole, by means of a long stick with a hook at the end."

The missionaries appealed to the chiefs against this system of robbery; but it was soon discovered that "the chiefs were as bad" as the rest of the nation. "I recollect," says the author, "a fellow storming against a thief, and telling us to kill him whenever we got hold of him, and, at very the same moment, he slyly picked up a big nail with his toes, and slipped it into his hand behind his back."

Despite all this the missionaries persevered. They built for themselves a cottage, the frame and material for which they had brought with them from Samoa. And then a new and unexpected difficulty presented itself. Tanna was unfortunately visited by an American whaling-ship. Some of the crew landed, misconducted themselves, got into a conflict with the natives, were wounded, and made their escape. In revenge the captain of the American fired with long guns upon the natives. Had any of them been killed, the author is convinced that both he and Mr. Nisbett would have been instantly slain by the savages of Tanna.

The author and his companions landed at Tanna in June, and by the end of September they were settled in their cottage, had picked up the language so as to conduct religious services without an interpreter, arranged the orthography of the dialect, and got their little printing-press in readiness. They had even com-

\* Nineteen Years in Polynesia: Missionary Life, Travels, and Researches in the Islands of the Pacific. By the Rev. George Turner, of the London Missionary Society. London: John Snow, Paternoster-row. 1861.



posed some hymns, and attempted to establish schools. But, alas! they had an almost impracticable people to deal with. Few could be induced to attend the schools, and none would come and live with them as servants. At first, it was still more difficult to manage the girls than the boys; although Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Nisbett did eventually succeed in teaching some of the young women needle-work. After the novelty of the first Sabbath or two there was no getting a congregation; and there was no mode of inducing the people to refrain from labouring on the Sunday. Here is the way in which the natives argued on the matter:—

"They thought, that as their own gods (the deified spirits of their ancestors) only required special prayers and offerings once or twice a year, they might venture to make less than a whole day once every seven suffice for their new deity."

There were two main impediments in the way of the new missionaries. The first, that every two or three villages formed a distinct community—a petty nation in itself—exercising the rights of war and peace with its adjoining neighbours and almost constantly in a state of feud with them. Next, that these small tribes, though not more than four or five miles from the house of the missionaries, spoke quite a different dialect from that which they had acquired at Tanna. Thus to travel from one tribe to another was to expose a Christian missionary to instant death; and then, when the danger had been incurred and escaped from, his presence was of no avail, for neither he nor the savages could understand one another—they spoke different languages.

On more than one occasion both Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbett escaped, as by a miracle, from the attempts made by the savages of hostile tribes to assassinate them. No peril terrified these English clergymen, and no difficulty daunted them; and yet they had eventually to fly from Tanna. The cause of their overthrow was this—they had interfered with the livelihood of certain charlatans, who were known by the name of "disease-makers."

The operations and practices of these wretches is so like what we read respecting the practices of wizards, necromancers, and magicians in the dark ages of Europe, that the following account given of them by Mr. Turner cannot fail to be read with interest:—

"The real gods at Tanna may be said to be the disease-makers. It is surprising how these men are dreaded, and how firm the belief is that they have in their hands the power of life and death. There are rain-makers and thunder-makers, and fly and musquito-makers, and a host of other 'sacred men'; but the disease-makers are the most dreaded. It is believed that these men can create disease and death by burning what is called *nahak*. *Nahak* means rubbish, but principally refuse of food. Everything of the kind they bury or throw into the sea, lest the disease-makers should get hold of it. These fellows are always about, and consider it their special business to pick up and burn, with certain formalities, anything in the *nahak* line which comes in their way. If the disease-maker sees the skin of a banana, for instance, he picks it up, wraps it in a leaf, and wears it all day hanging round his neck. The people stare as they see him go along, and say to each other, 'He has got something; he will do for somebody by-and-by at night.' In the evening he scrapes some bark off a tree, mixes it up with the banana-skin, rolls all tightly in a leaf in the form of a cigar, and then puts one end close enough to the fire to cause it to singe, and smoulder, and burn away very gradually. Presently he hears a shell blowing. 'There,' he says to his friends, 'there it is; that is the man whose rubbish I am now burning: he is ill; let us stop burning, and see what they bring in the morning.' When a person is taken ill, he believes that it is occasioned by some one burning his rubbish. Instead of thinking about medicine, he calls some one to blow a shell, a large conch or other shell, which, when perforated and blown, can be heard two or three miles off. The meaning of it is to implore the person who is supposed to be burning the sick man's rubbish, and causing all the pain, to stop burning; and it is a promise as well that a present will be taken in the morning. Pigs, mats, knives, hatchets, beads, whales' teeth, &c., are the sort of things taken. Some of the disease-making craft are always ready to receive the presents, and to assure the party that they will do their best to prevent the rubbish being again burned. If the poor man has another attack at night, he thinks the *nahak* is again burning; the shell is again blown, other presents taken, and so they go on. The idea is, that whenever it is all burned the man dies. Night after night we heard the dismal too-too-tooing of these."

The spread of Christianity threatened the annihilation of this unholy traffic between men's fears and men's wickedness. Those who profited by the delusion persuaded the various tribes of savages around the missionaries that dysentery, which had spread amongst them, was the doing of the Christians, and the only way of freeing themselves from pestilence and death was by killing the strangers.

The perils of the missionaries, their wives, and attendants, were great, and their sufferings terrible. Happily they were saved from martyrdom by the providential arrival of a Hobart Town whaler, which conveyed them from Tanna to Samoa.

What was done at Samoa is to be learned from this volume. We have but quoted so much of the adventures of the missionaries as an inducement to our readers to procure the work for themselves. They will find it a delightful book, whether they take it up from curiosity, or from a higher feeling.

#### THE MONKS OF THE WEST.\*

ROME, the Pope, his cardinals, and his court, have been so continually assailed lately in all modern publications that it is rather a remarkable fact to find one of the greatest and most celebrated literary men in France writing a work of considerable extent (6 vols. 8vo.) of which the object is the re-habilitation of the monks and the Papal authority.

If Count de Montalembert were only known as a staunch adherent to the Roman Catholic faith, his book would probably excite less attention; but as he is at the same time an eloquent and learned author, and a great political champion, the two first volumes of his history have created much sensation in Paris. In a long introduction, which occupies the half of the first volume, Count de Montalembert shows the services rendered by the monks to Christianity and to the civilization of Europe by their charity, laborious industry, and their merciful intervention between the oppressed serfs and the owners of the soil. On the other hand, as a truthful historian, he frankly relates the vices and even crimes of which the monasteries were accused, but contends also that every human institution is liable to similar abuses. In support of this assertion the author quotes a remarkable concession from the pen of Voltaire, that inveterate enemy of the monastic orders, in one of his great historical works, "*Essai sur l'Esprit et les Mœurs des Nations*."—"Too many writers have amused themselves by raking up the irregularities and vices which have from time to time disgraced the interior of monasteries. It is, nevertheless, certain that vice abounds to a far greater extent in secular life, and the gravest crimes have not been committed in convents, but immoralities appear in an aggravated light when placed in contrast with the strict rules of discipline which bind all religious communities. No institution that has ever existed has been entirely free from reproach."

Count de Montalembert commences his history in the year 312, at the period when the Emperor Constantine proclaimed Christianity throughout the Roman empire, and he establishes a curious parallel between the invasion of the barbarians and the establishment of the monastic orders. "The Roman empire without the barbarians," says he, "was an abyss of slavery and corruption. The barbarians without the monks would have been a chaos. The barbarians and the monks, combined, organized a new world, a universe of Christianity."

Then follows a vivid and interesting sketch of the monastic institutions, from

\* Les Moines d'Occident, depuis St. Benoît jusqu'à St. Bernard. Par le Comte de Montalembert. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Lecoffre. London: D. Nutt. 1860.

the *Thébais*, or residence of the Fathers of the Desert (les Pères du Desert) to the end of the sixth century, when St. Benedict appeared.

The various dramatic episodes contained in this work, the beautiful delineation of manners and customs, and the graphic descriptions of the lives of St. Paul, St. Gregorius of Nazianzen, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, St. Martin, and of the first noble Roman ladies who embraced monastic life, present a picture scarcely excelled in pathos and interest by the first writers of romance and fiction.

The author narrates an interview of the monk Severinus, who lived on the borders of the Danube with Odoacer, king of the Heruli. When the hordes of barbarians were rushing towards Italy to crush the Roman empire, their chiefs frequently halted on their way to ask the blessing of those men renowned for their piety, whose lives spent in solitude and prayer made them objects of universal veneration. One of the Heruli, a young man clad in a wolf's skin, but of noble race, and of such unusual stature that he could not, without stooping low, enter the cell of the anchorite, came to ask the advice of Severinus with regard to his future course. "Go," said the monk—"Go towards Italy; thou wearest now a miserable cloak of wolf's skin, but soon thou shalt be clothed in rich furs, and give liberally to all." This young man was Odoacer. At the head of the Heruli he took and sacked Rome, sent Romulus Augustulus, the last Emperor of the Western Empire, to die in exile; and disdaining the title of emperor for himself, was satisfied to remain master of the whole of Italy. He remembered the prophetic advice of the poor monk on the Danube, and wrote to desire him to make any request he chose. Severinus, in reply, merely asked for the pardon and restitution of a miserable exile.

The second volume opens with the life and labours of St. Benedict, born in 480, of the illustrious Roman family of the Anicii. At fourteen years of age he left his home and retired to the wild mountains, where flows the river Anio, about fifty miles west of Rome. There he spent three years in such complete solitude that some shepherds who accidentally discovered his retreat, took him at first for some wild animal.

In order to appreciate the descriptive talent displayed by Count de Montalembert, one should read, among other amusing episodes of the life of St. Benedict, his interview, in 542, with Totila, King of the Ostrogoths, who defeated Belisarius, and conquered Italy and Sardinia. For the benefit of those who take delight in the gentler emotions, we will give a sketch of the farewell scene between Benedict and his sister. He and Scholastica were born on the same day, and loved each other with a devotion for which twins are often remarkable. When Benedict retired to the monastery of Monte Cassino, Scholastica followed him, and fixed her residence in a convent in the neighbourhood. The brother and sister only met once a year, and prayed together in a shepherd's hut in the valley between the two convents. One day the sister, having a secret foreboding that she should see her brother no more, begged him, after the evening meal, to spend the night with her in devotion. "It cannot be, sister," replied Benedict, "I must on no account be out of the convent after dark." Scholastica, full of sorrow, laid down her head on her clasped hands, which rested on the table, and wept and prayed with fervour. The weather had been calm and bright; but suddenly a violent tempest arose, and the rain, and thunder, and lightning were so fearful that neither Benedict nor his companion could by any means leave the shelter of the hut. Seeing this, Benedict said to his sister, "What hast thou done? May God forgive thee!" "Yes, even so," she answered; "I prayed to Him; He knows my heart, and has hearkened to me!" Having spent the night in pious conversation, Benedict and Scholastica separated at sunrise, and the twins never met again in this world. Three days afterwards, while standing at the window of his cell, Benedict had a vision wherein he beheld the soul of his sister ascending to heaven in the form of a dove. She was dead. The earthly remains were brought to Monte Cassino, where they were laid in a tomb prepared by the brother for himself and his sister, in order that death should not divide the bodies of those whose souls had been so long united in the love of God. Forty days later Benedict died also, while in the act of prayer.

It is to St. Gregory we owe this touching little episode, and he adds that, doubtless for the sake of Scholastica's great sisterly love, which occasioned her grief, was her prayer so visibly answered. For is not love the ladder to heaven, whose base God has placed in the human affections?

The author proceeds to give a history of the monastic orders in Italy and in Spain during the sixth and seventh centuries; he describes the conquest of Gaul by the Franks, and the civilizing influence of the monks on these barbarians. From the depths of their wild forests were heard pious voices chanting the beautiful canticle of Isaiah, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace, the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands," &c.

The end of the second volume contains the romantic lives of St. Patrick and of St. Columbanus. The first, stolen by pirates, was sold in Ireland as a slave, and underwent every sort of hardship as a cattle-driver, before he returned to that country as a bishop, to preach Christianity. The second, St. Columbanus, abandoned the luxuries in the midst of which he was born, and undertook through Europe an Odyssey of his own, but almost as interesting and as varied as that related by the Greek poet. He died at last in a cavern hewn out of a large rock.

Although the subject chosen by Count de Montalembert may not at first sight seem a popular one, we have not for many years met with so readable and pleasant a work from the French press.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THERE is nothing more indicative of the great change that has taken place in the manners of this country, than the mode in which the festival of Christmas is now observed. The spirit of merriment and the feelings of good fellowship have not abated one jot. There is still the old Scandinavian fervour which displayed itself in the Yule-tide season, before the preaching of the Gospel had mitigated the rude bearing of the unconquerable Northern sea-rovers: there is still the old hospitable, bountiful, and generous spirit which sent round the wassail-bowl, and threw open the door of the baronial hall at Christmas-tide to rich and poor: there is still the same mirthful, innocent, cheerful archness which confers a high-prized privilege upon the misletoe, and there is still, as in the most remote period of our annals a sanctuary discoverable from cold, hunger, and thirst, at every hearth enshrined with the dark leaves of the ivy, and glistening with the red berries of the holly. The spirit of "Old Father Christmas" is stout and strong as ever, but the manner of observing his festival has changed. Instead of gorgeous masques, and agile mummings, and processions of mock knights, ladies, dragons and monsters, there is a commotion in "the Row,"—the publishers are busy with authors and artists, and the result is the issuing forth, day by day, of such gorgeous "Christmas Books," that the splendours of mediæval Christmas are completely dimmed, its noisy mirth quelled, and their place occupied by a new, more interesting, and certainly more intellectual species of entertainment.

Christmas books are decidedly a modern invention. Why have our makers of



pantomimes, often so sadly at a loss for an idea, and an illustration of modern manners, never taken a hint from those Christmas books—introduced them in all their gilded panoply upon the stage, with their peculiar attractions, and made them bodily canvass for popular applause?

As far as we have yet seen, Moore's "Paradise and the Peri,"\* with the gorgeous decorations of Mr. Owen Jones, and the drawings of Mr. Henry Warren, is the most splendid of these numerous books, and likely to be the most popular. The poem itself is among the best of the Oriental stories of Moore, and lends itself readily to the purposes of art. Whether they take the shape of pictorial representation of the scenes and personages portrayed, or those of ornamentation and illumination, all these have been employed to the best effect by Messrs. Owen Jones and Warren in this remarkable volume. Every page is a triumph of colouring and design, and no two pages are alike. The left-hand page invariably contains the text printed in gold, with an inner and an outer border, both elaborately beautiful and well-harmonized; while the right-hand page contains the same border, with a figure-subject of some personage and incident of the poem, drawn by Mr. Warren, but apparently coloured by Mr. Jones. The drawings are mostly in outline, depending for the effects chiefly on gold and colour. Though they have somewhat of a Chinese or Japanese character, it cannot be denied that they are highly successful, and in every way creditable to both artists. The binding, which is chaste and plain, and leads to no suspicion of the glowing magnificence within, is also enriched by the felicitous ornamentation of Mr. Jones, and completes the attractiveness of a book which, we venture to assert, will not be surpassed this year or next, unless by Mr. Owen Jones himself. For producing such a specimen of luxurious lithography, Messrs. Day & Son deserve praise, perhaps as much as the artists.

"Sunshine in the Country,"† with its elegant binding of crimson and gold, is a book that appeals to a different taste. Here are selections from the best and most popular of poets who have made their names "household words" by their keen appreciation of the beauties of nature and the power with which they have transmuted their sensations into everlasting verse. Here are lines by Thompson, Gay, Parnell, Longfellow, Mackay, Clare, Drummond, Proctor, Mrs. Hemans, Miss M. A. Browne, Cunningham, Wilson, Crabbe, Cowper, Bryant, Elliott, and a host of others. There are, at least, one hundred different poetical pieces, upon such subjects as "Rural Pleasures," "A Country Life," "The Summer Months," "Ode on April," "A Summer Morning," "The Bee," "On the Bramble Flower," "Woods," "A Spring Walk," "The Sun," "Noon," "A Summer Sabbath Walk," "The Trout Fishers," "The Peasant Poet," "The Angler's Song," &c. And these are accompanied by photographs from nature, which were all taken by the late Mr. Grundy, of Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, and are finished in such masterly style as to present to the eye, in many instances, that extraordinary effect which is produced by looking through a stereoscope. An eminent judge upon such a subject, Mr. P. H. Delamotte, has expressed the following opinion respecting them:—

"I consider the views which have just come into your possession, the most perfect gems of artistic beauty and photographic excellence that have ever been presented to the world. To all artists and lovers of nature they will be valued beyond all price."

To the opinion so expressed by Mr. Delamotte, it is unnecessary to add a word. Such is the Christmas book published by Mr. Richard Griffin.

It is far too late in the day to criticise the literary merits or demerits of a book that has established itself so firmly in the popular heart as "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,"‡ one of the very few original works of modern days, and one of those that any man of taste or sense would save out of the universal wreck of literature, if all books but ten or twenty were condemned to destruction. To issue the immortal allegory with all possible luxury of paper, typography, binding, and illustration, is an undertaking worthy of the enterprise and liberality of any publisher; and if Messrs. Routledge have not yet succeeded in producing an edition which it will be difficult to surpass, it is certainly not for want of will, but simply for want of artists capable of dealing satisfactorily with such themes and personages as those in the story. We mean no disparagement of the talents of Mr. Watson, who has been selected to make the pictures for this book, when we say that he is not equal to the task, and that he, as well as most of the artists who have preceded him, has mistaken altogether the province of art, in attempting to portray by the visible lines and curves of his pencil, the shadowy, vague, dreamy, and sublime imaginings of Bunyan. When Mr. Watson depicts Christian in his homely suit, talking with homely people, or even when he renders into full-length portraits such characters as Mr. Worldly Wiseman and others, he does exceedingly well; and proves that he is a very good draughtsman, who has studied the human figure, and knows how to drape it in the costume of every-day life. In these respects, though his name is comparatively new to the public, he is a real acquisition to the art of book-illustration. But when he comes to deal with the poetical and spiritual—the indefinite and the sublime—he fails egregiously—not because he is not a good artist, but because no artist is capable, by any form of drawing whatsoever, of realizing to the physical eye the wilder creations of poetic fancy. Take, for instance, the passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, as described in the simple words of the allegorist; how indefinitely awful and truly sublime it is! But in Mr. Watson's picture it is simply grotesque and ludicrous. Nor could it be otherwise. The mistake is in attempting to depict such subjects at all—subjects that are alike too grand and too vague for the inferior art of the limner, and which ought to be left to the imagination alone. And every other of Mr. Watson's illustrations of poetic passages in the book is as great a failure as this, and proves not alone the incompetency of this particular artist, but the incompatibility of such subjects with any form of illustration whatever.

Painters and draughtsmen in our day rush in "where angels fear to tread," and degrade art from its high purposes by attempts which are certain to be failures. A group in sculpture of Christian's fight with Apollyon would most likely be more comic than tragic to the gaze of any beholder, however great the genius of the sculptor, and Mr. Watson's so-called illustration of the same event, though it would serve admirably for a scene in a Christmas pantomime, is woefully out of place as an accompaniment to the "Pilgrim's Progress." Such illustrations offend rather than please, and impair the real value of the book that they are intended to enhance. Of such books as "Robinson Crusoe," or the novels of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Goldsmith, or even of "Gulliver's Travels," Mr. Watson would make an excellent illustrator, or he might be advantageously employed in illustration of Cowper, Crabbe, Blomfield, or any other poet of domestic life; but the mystical and spiritual is beyond his reach.

Nor do we think the publishers have been altogether fortunate in their choice of an editor. John Bunyan wanted no editor to do more for him than to see that his text was uncorrupted. He required no one to overload his simple meaning

\* Paradise and the Peri. By Thomas Moore. London: Day & Son.

† Sunshine in the Country. A Book of Rural Poetry, embellished with Photographs from Nature. London: Richard Griffin & Co., 10, Stationers' Hall Court. 1861.

‡ Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated by G. D. Watson. London: Routledge & Co. 1861.

with notes of explanation, as Mr. Offor has done. The preliminary memoir—exceedingly well meant, no doubt,—is written in a florid and verbose style, such as honest Bunyan himself would have made wry faces at, if he had been condemned to read it.

"Three Gems in One setting,"\* is a book, every page of which is decorated, gilt, and illuminated in the same manner as the ancient manuscripts. In every page there is a painting illustrating a particular verse of each of the poems, and each poem is given in full. There are eighteen pages, equal to the finest specimens in the British Museum of illuminated manuscripts. An attempt is now being made by many ladies to practise the art of illumination; and to all who are desirous to succeed in their efforts, we recommend as fitting models to imitate the finely-laboured pages of "Three Gems in One Setting."

"The Art Album"† is one of those works which is sure to attract the eye and compel examination. The pictures are—1. "The Stepping-Stones," by E. H. Weynart. 2. "A Breeze off Shore," by E. Duncan. 3. "Fruit," by W. Hunt. 4. "The Baron's Chapel," by G. Cattermole. 5. "Winter," by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A. 6. "The Marriage of Griselda," by J. Gilbert. 7. "Lucy," by G. Smith. 8. "Carting Brushwood," by H. B. Wills. 9. "The Gardener's Daughter," by E. H. Wehnert. 10. "The Fisherman's Return," by E. Duncan. 11. "The Goldfinch," by H. Weir. 12. "The Suppliant," by H. Ward. 13. "Happy Days," by G. Thomas. 14. "Sorrento," by R. P. Leitch. 15. "The Sailor Boy," by G. Thomas; and 16. "The Peri," by H. Warren. All these pictures are engraved and printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, so as to have a complete resemblance to water-colour drawings.

Such books are worthy of the season for making handsome and acceptable "Christmas gifts." If a taste for art had not spread with wealth in this country, it would be folly in artists, and madness in publishers, to risk the cost of submitting them to the public.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

HERE are more children's Christmas books pouring in upon us, and claiming a notice. We regret it must be brief.

"Fairy Footsteps, or Lessons from Legends, with one hundred illustrations, designed by Alfred Crowquill." London: Henry Lea, 22, Warwick-lane, E.C.—Nine stories, and one hundred engravings by such an artist as Alfred Crowquill! We wish the nine stories had been but seven, as both "Peter Finnigan" and "Condy Cullen" are about the worst Irish stories we ever tried to read. They spoil an otherwise capital and amusing book.

"What Uncle Told Us." Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. London: Henry Lea, 22, Warwick-lane, E.C.—Another story-book, with the humorous illustrations of Crowquill! There are six very nice little tales in this book, and all conveying a good moral:—1. "Patty, or the Bee and the Butterfly;" 2. "Nipkins and the Yule Log; or, a Charity Lesson;" 3. "Peter and the Snow King;" 4. "Intemperance; or, the Prince and the Water Fay;" 5. "The Red Man; or, the Magic of Kindness;" 6. "Wilhelm; or, Patience and Perseverance."

"The Lord's Prayer explained to Children." London: W. Kent & Co., 23, Paternoster-row.—There are seven illustrations in this pious little book; with a preface and explanations to each paragraph written by the Rev. J. M. Bellow.

#### NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Haydn's "Vocal Trios"‡ are unknown in our country, and probably, like many gems of the olden time, are now forgotten in his own; and M. Oliphant has conferred a boon on our musical public by producing them in such a shape as must make them delightful to every English singer. We have two of them before us: the one, "Love and Folly," is for a soprano, an alto, and a tenor; the other, "Phoebe's Only Fault," is for two tenors and a bass. They are both thoroughly characteristic of the composer. Their subjects are gay and playful; they are simple and natural, but their simplicity is the simplicity of a great master; they are so nicely written for the voices that it is easy to sing them, while their graceful turns of melody, and ingenious combinations of the parts render them equally delightful to the singers and to the listeners. We need scarcely add that M. Oliphant's English words are elegant, and adapted to the music with his well-known skill and felicity.

Among the old Scottish melodies there is none more beautiful and touching than "Lord Gregory;"§ nor among the songs of Burns is there anything more pathetic than the words thus united to this fine strain. Mr. Oliphant has heightened the beauty of the song by his simple and masterly symphonies and accompaniments.

Mr. Clinton, we need scarcely tell our musical readers, is a highly eminent professor of the flute; one of the best performers on, and the very best English composer for, that elegant instrument. His numerous publications for it are generally known to and esteemed by our amateurs, to whom they furnish an inexhaustible fund of improvement and pleasure. Such being the case, it is sufficient for us to announce the appearance of the works before us. The cavatinas|| are justly denominated "songs without word." They are full of pure, vocal, Italian melody, embellished with brilliant passages of execution, which, without being excessively difficult, call forth the powers of the skilful performer. The part for the piano is more than a mere accompaniment, it frequently takes the lead, and is, in its turn, accompanied by the flute; so that these pieces are really duets, which both performers will find equally pleasing and interesting.

Meyerbeer's beautiful air from "Robert le Diable"¶ is arranged as a solo for the flute, with an accompaniment for the piano in a most masterly and effective manner. It is very difficult—the long and elaborate chromatic cadenzas especially—and demands a first-rate player to do it justice. But even the amateur will find it valuable, for he may derive much benefit from its study and practice.

The lady who gives her musical compositions to the world, under the name of "Claribel,"\*\* is a distinguished amateur, who has the genius and attainments of an artist. Some of her vocal pieces are already well known; and those which

\* Three Gems in One Setting. By A. L. Bond. The Poet's Song, Tennyson. Field Flowers, Campbell. Pilgrim Fathers, Mrs. Hemans. London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster-row.

† The Art Album. Sixteen facsimiles of water-colour drawings, by George Cattermole, T. Sidney Cooper, A.R.A., Edward Duncan, John Gilbert, William Hunt, R. P. Leitch, George Smith, George H. Thomas, Mrs. Ward, H. Warren, Edward H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, and H. B. Wills. Engraved and printed by Edmund Evans. London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster-row. 1861.

‡ Vocal Trios: the English version by Thomas Oliphant; the music by Joseph Haydn.

§ Lord Gregory: an old Scottish ballad, edited, with new symphonies and accompaniments, by Thomas Oliphant. Addison & Co.

|| Three Cavatinas; or Songs without Words, for the flute and pianoforte. Composed by J. Clinton.

¶ Robert, tai que j'aime. Transcribed for the Flute and Piano, by J. Clinton. Clinton & Co.

\*\* Songs by "Claribel." Emery & Co.



have most recently appeared are not unworthy of her name. "The Hungarian Love-Song," a tender leave-taking between a young soldier going to the wars and his sweetheart, is simple and expressive. The words are a dialogue between the pair, but it is meant to be sung by a single voice, not as a duet. "The Brook" is a graceful setting of Tennyson's well-known verses. The air, like the words, is quaint, and the murmur of the brook is well imitated by the accompaniment. "Janet's Bridal," the simple lay of a village girl, is pretty, but its simplicity is marred by the formidable inharmonious change, from four flats to four sharps in the middle of it—a little bit of pedantry wholly uncalled for. "The Mother's Farewell" is full of melody and feeling.

### THE IVY AND THE BELL.

A LEGEND OF CLONALLEN TOWER.

In days when Alfred ruled the land,  
As ancient legends tell,  
The Ivy was a gardener's lad,  
And loved a lady well;  
And the Bell that hangs in the turret high  
Was the lady pure as snow,  
The only daughter of an Earl,  
A thousand years ago.

That lady fair, so bright and rare,  
Had suitors many a one,  
Both knights and earls, and knaves and churls;  
But she loved the gardener's son.  
They pledged their faith, in life or death,  
In happiness or woe,  
And seal'd the promise with a ring,  
A thousand years ago.

The grim earl read his magic book,  
And lo! before his sight,  
The deeds they did, the love they hid,  
Were clear as morning light.  
He swore an oath to slay them both,—  
The maid for looking low,  
The gardener's lad for looking high,—  
A thousand years ago.

By magic might he changed the lad  
Into an Ivy flower,  
And the lady bright to the booming Bell  
That swings in the donjon-tower.  
"Be this," quoth he, "the doom they dree,  
Who guiled a father so!"  
And the grim earl burned his magic books,  
A thousand years ago.

But every time the Bell was rung  
The Ivy spread and grew,  
"Climb to me! climb!" said every chime,  
"O, Ivy! ever true!"  
And the Ivy clomb an inch a day,  
As never did Ivy grow,  
And reach'd the Bell and cover'd it o'er,  
A thousand years ago.

A mortal hand ne'er rang the Bell,  
But up in its turret high  
It peal'd sweet tunes, like Norland runes,  
To the breeze that wander'd by;  
And every year at Christmas Eve,  
As winds begin to blow,  
You may hear it ring—as oft it rang  
A thousand years ago.

Sometimes merry, and sometimes sad,  
But always sweet and clear,  
And all who listen dream of Love,  
And the hearts they hold most dear.  
For Love's the same, and ever the same,  
Though ages ebb and flow;—  
O Love, be happier than thou wert  
A thousand years ago!

WAR THE RULE OF SAVAGE LIFE.—"All the men go about armed. When at work in their plantations their arms are never out sight, and at night they sleep within reach of their clubs. Even the little boys must have their tiny clubs and spears, and bows and arrows, and always go about ready for a quarrel." Such is the Rev. Mr. Turner's description of the savage inhabitants of Tanna. "War," he says, "is the rule, peace the exception. They were fighting during five out of the seven months we lived among them. There is ample proof that war is the enemy of civilization, and the element of savage life. We were never able to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries, which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all may be peace, but, by mutual consent, they have no dealings with each other."

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM DECEMBER 7TH TO DECEMBER 13TH.

- Ackerman (Dr. A.). The Christian Elements in Plato. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Hamilton.
- Burn (R. S.). Hints for Farmers. 12mo. cloth. 1s. Routledge.
- Brees (C. R.). Birds of Europe. Vol. II. Royal 8vo. 17s. Groombridge.
- Bright Gems for the Young. 18mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. J. Blackwood.
- Blackie (Rev. H. G.). David, King of Israel. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Nisbet.
- Bayley's Turf Guide and Racing Register, 1861. 2s. 6d. Bailey.
- Burn's (R. L.). Year-Book of Agricultural Facts for 1860. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Blackwood & Son.
- Bickersteth's (E.). Family Prayers for Six weeks. 12mo. Thirty-first Thousand. Seeley.
- Barney (Miss A. M.). Star in the East. Fcap. cloth. 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
- Babes in the Wood. Illustrated by the Marchioness of Waterford. Square cloth, gilt. 5s. Low & Son.
- Brightwell (C. L.). Difficulties Overcome. Fcap. cloth. 2s. Low & Son.
- Bible of Every Land. New edition. Half-morocco. £2. 2s. Bagster.
- Burke (Sir Bernard). Vicissitudes of Families. First Series. Fifth edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s. 6d. Longman.
- Clayton (E. C.). Women of the Reformation. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Dean & Son.
- Christian Lyrics, chiefly selected from Modern Authors. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Hamilton.
- Christmas Stories from Household Words. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Chapman & Hall.
- Contaneau. Partie Française du Guide à la Traduction de l'Anglais. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Longman.
- Dawn and Sunshine. 2nd Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Seeley.
- Donaldson (J. W.). Complete Latin Grammar. 2nd edition. 12mo. cloth. 14s. J. R. Smith.
- Dickens (Charles). The Uncommercial Traveller. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. Chapman & Hall.
- Ebrard (Dr. J. H. A.). Commentary on the Epistles of St. John. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Hamilton.
- Grapes of Eschol. Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Nisbet.
- Godet (T. L.). Bermudas. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s. Smith & Elder.
- Hannay (James). The Family Hogarth. 150 steel engravings. New edition. 4to. cloth, £2. 12s. 6d. Griffin & Co.
- Humphrey's (H. N.). Coinage of the British Empire. New edition. Cloth £1. 1s. Griffin & Co.
- Heaven and Home. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Simpkin and Marshall.
- Hall (S. C.). The Book of South Wales. 4to. cloth gilt. £1. 1s. Hall & Co.
- Hallwell's Nursery Rhymes for Children. Sixth edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. J. R. Smith.
- Howitt (Mary). Treasury of New Favourite Tales. 5s. Hogg.
- Homilist, 1860. Vol. II. New series. 8s. 6d. Ward.
- Herbert's Holidays. By Aunt Dorothy. 18mo. cloth. 2s. J. H. Mozley.
- Jackson's New Check Journal. Tenth edition. 8vo. cloth. 5s. E. Wilson.
- Jones (J. F.). Egypt in its Biblical Relation. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Smith & Elder.
- Kemp (W. S.). Exercises in Latin Syntax. Part I. Post 8vo. cloth. 2s. Longman.
- Lockwood (Lady Julia). Instinct or Reason. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.
- Lucretius, Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts. 16mo. 2s. 6d. Bell & Daldy.
- Leighton's (A.). Curious Tradition of Scottish Life. 3s. 6d. Simpkin & Marshall.
- Lyra Germanica: Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Year. Illustrated. 4to. cloth. £1. 1s. Longman.
- Morocco. £1. 16s. Longman.
- Lynch's Among Transgressors. 12mo. sewed. 1s. Kent & Co.
- Lover (Samuel). Metrical Tales. Illustrated. 4to. gilt. 5s. Houlston & Co.
- Maberly's Sermons on the Beatitudes. 8vo. 10s. 6d. J. & H. Parker.
- Malet (Sir A.). The Conquest of England, from Wace's Poem of the "Roman de Rou." Translated by. 4to. half-bound. £2. 2s. Bell & Daldy.
- Morley (H.). Oberon's Horn-book: a Book of Fairy Tales. Illustrated. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. Chapman & Hall.
- Macknight (T.). Life and Times of E. Burke. Vol. III. 8vo. cloth. £1. Chapman & Hall.
- Newcombe (S. P.). Pleasant Pages. Twenty-fifth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Houlston & Co.
- Neale (Rev. J. M.). Deeds of Faith. 2nd Edition. 18mo. cloth. 2s. J. & C. Mozley.
- Niblett (Dr. A.). English Class Handy-Book. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Simpkin & Marshall.
- One Hundred and One Days on Horseback, and Garibaldi at Home. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.
- Osborn (Capt. S.). Japanese Fragments. Square cloth. 7s. Bradbury & Evans.
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- Pycroft (Rev. J.). Ways and Words of Men of Letters. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Booth.
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- Corinthians. 2nd Edition. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Smith & Elder.
- Solicitor's Diary. 1861. Roan, 2s. 6d. Groombridge.
- Sargent's (G. E.). Mists and Shadows. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Tresidder.
- Sandry (W.). Christmas Tyde. Reduced. Published at 14s. 5s. J. R. Smith.
- Sala (G. A.). Twice Round the Clock. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo. boards. 5s. Houlston & Co.
- Smith (J. R.). First Series of Christian Theology. 2nd Edition. 8vo. cloth. 15s. Jackson and Walford.
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- Trollope (T. A.). Paul the Pope, and Paul the Friar. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s. Chapman & Hall.
- Tate (W.). Modern Cambist. 10th edition. 8vo. cloth. 12s. E. Wilson.
- The World's Furniture. 3 vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d. Skeet.
- The Twickenham Tales, by a Society of Novelists. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. £1. 1s. Hogg.
- The Summer Tour of an Invalid. 12mo. cloth. 5s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.
- The Bishop's Daughter. By the author of "Widows and Parsons." Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. J. Blackwood.
- The Coloured Magic Show Picture-Book. Boards. 2s. Dean & Son.
- The Psalter of David, in English Verse. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Bell & Daldy.
- Taylor (W. E.). Arkley Down; or Living Faith in a Living God. Small 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
- The Magazine for the Young for 1860. 18mo. half-bound. 2s. 6d. J. & C. Mozley.
- The Monthly Packet. Vol. XX. 12mo. cloth. 5s. J. & C. Mozley.
- Wilson (G.). Memoir by his Sister, J. A. Wilson. 14s. Macmillan.
- Wilkins (Walter). Political Ballads of the 17th and 18th Century. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. cloth. 18s. Longman.
- Whispering Voices of the Yule. 12mo. cloth. 5s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.
- What-Not; or Ladies' Handy Book for 1860. 4s. Kent & Co.
- Who's Who, for 1861. 18mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Bailey.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Judge Haliburton is said to be engaged on a new work, containing an apology for the conduct of the Orangemen during the Canadian travels of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Loosing, author of the "Field Book of the Revolution," is preparing for the American press a work on the war of 1812, based, in a great measure on oral information.

It is reported that Nathaniel Hawthorne is writing a new story, the subject being our English Life.

"Fireside Travel" is the subject of a new work from John Russell Lowell, author of "The Biglow Papers."

Mr. Booth announces "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," by the Rev. J. Pycroft; a new and cheaper edition of "Twenty Years in the Church;" a new novel by Miss Cuyler, called "Chance," and "Tchinovnichs," and other Provincial Tales, from the Russian of Soltikow, translated by Frederick Aston.

In the January number of "Temple Bar," Mr. Sala will commence a new serial story, entitled, "The Seven Sons of Mammon."

Messrs. Longman will publish immediately "Melusina," a new Arabian Night Entertainment.

In addition to the six lectures "on the Chemical History of a Candle, adapted to a juvenile auditory," by Professor Faraday, which are about to be delivered at the Royal Institution, Professor Owen will deliver twelve lectures on Fishes; Professor Tyndall, twelve lectures on Electricity; and Dr. Edward Frankland, ten lectures on Inorganic chemistry.

Mr. W. Collins, of Glasgow, will publish this month, "Palestine in 1860," a series of twenty-four photographic views, with descriptive letter-press, by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan; also, "Jerusalem in 1860," as series of twelve photographic views of Jerusalem, &c.



Mr. Edward Lacy, of West Strand, announces for publication on the 23rd December, an original and illustrated poem, entitled "Herefordia."

The *Cornhill Magazine* for January will contain the first three chapters of Mr. Thackeray's new serial, "The Adventures of Philip on his way through the World; showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by." The story, which is written in the author's best vein, promises to be peculiarly interesting, from the truthfulness of the characters and incidents depicted. This number will also contain two articles on the state of the navy, one of them written by Admiral Elliot; and a spirited sketch of the character and exploits of General Sir James Outram, under the title of "The Career of an Indian Officer."

A volume of facts, anecdotes, and opinions, with the striking title of "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," will be published on the 20th instant. The following are the leading subjects:—Life and Time; Nature of the Soul; Spiritual Life; Mental Operations; Belief and Scepticism; Premature Interment; Phenomena of Death; Sin and Punishment; the Crucifixion of Our Lord; the End of the World foretold; Man after Death; the Intermediate State; the Great Resurrection; Recognition of the Blessed; the Day of Judgment; the Future States; New Heavens and Earth, &c.

Among new publications may be mentioned a new work by "Silverpen," entitled "Give Bread—Gain Love;" and "Saul of Tarsus—the Pharisee, the Convert, the Apostle, and the Martyr," by R. T. Smith.

Among the multitude of Children's Books which are now being issued and announced, may be noticed a "New Dress-Book," the novelty of which is that the figures in the pictures wear real dresses; also "Funny Fruit-Figures, and how to make them." Published by Messrs. Dean & Son.

Hamilton, Adams, & Co. announce "The Hen Wife," with coloured illustrations by Harrison Weir. By Mrs. Fergusson Blair.

A change, we believe, will shortly be made in the firm of Messrs. Richard Griffin, of Stationers' Hall Court, which, in January next, will be strengthened by the accession of Mr. Henry Bohn, son of Mr. H. G. Bohn, of York-street, Covent Garden.

The business of the late Messrs. Oliphant & Son, Edinburgh, will be carried on by the late Mr. Oliphant's partners, Messrs. Anderson & Robertson.

We understand that Messrs. Allen, of Leadenhall-street, contemplate a removal of their business westward, and following in the wake of the East-India House, to whom they are specially appointed publishers, will try to fix their *locale* in Victoria-street, Westminster. Messrs. Allen are already in possession of a temporary office in that district.

The sale of the library of the late Mr. Jardine will commence on Tuesday, December 18th, to be continued, by Mr. Hodgson of Fleet-street.

Messrs. Pattick & Simpson announce a four days sale of valuable books, commencing on Wednesday, December 19.

Messrs. Leigh, Sotheby, & Wilkinson, also announce the sale, on Monday and following day, December 17th, of the collection of pictures, drawings, and sketches, made from the year 1818 to 1858, by W. Cowen, Esq.

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson also announce a sale for Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19th and 20th, of a singularly curious and rare collection from the libraries of Sir Henry Savile and Sir John Savile, who lived in the time of James the First. Almost every lot is attractive; the majority of the books being in the highest state of preservation.

M. Leroux de Linzy's "Life of Anne of Brittany" is announced to appear next April.

The journey of the Emperor and Empress of the French, in the south-east of France, Corsica, and Africa, is the subject of an album, published at the office of *The Illustration*.

The *Country Doctor*, a weekly paper, is to commence in Paris, on the 1st of January, under the editorship of Dr. Jules Masse.

R. F. Bungenor has written a book entitled "Rome and the Human Heart."

"The Palaces, Chateaux, and Hotels of France," are being published, in parts, by Claude Sauvageot.

The Theatrical Library of the Rue de Grammont announces "A Manual for Vaudevillistes."

M. C. D. de la Chavanne has published his "Memoirs of Lorenzo D'Aponti, Venetian Poet, &c."

M. Garnier Pages' "History of the Revolution in 1848," is in the press; also, "The Unpublished Correspondence and Works of Alexis de Tocqueville."

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#### PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

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Sermon Paper, plain, 4s.; ditto, ruled, 5s. per ream. Good Copy Books, 40 pages, 2s. per dozen. P. & Co.'s celebrated "School Pens," only 1s. per gross. Pen-holders, 2s. per gross. No Charge for Stamping; Crest Dies, from 5s.; Business Dies, from 3s. 6d.

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#### CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22nd.

MONDAY, Open at Nine. TUESDAY to FRIDAY, Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling, Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

Illustrated Lectures Daily, by Mr. J. H. Pepper. Orchestral Band and Great Organ Performances. Extensive Picture Gallery. Machinery in Motion. Grand Bazaar and Fancy Fair in the Naves. Great Christmas Tree, &c. &c.

SATURDAY, Open at Ten. ENTERTAINMENT and CONCERT. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling.

SUNDAY, Open, at 1:30, to Shareholders gratuitously, by tickets.

Season Tickets, admitting to the Christmas Festivities, and until 30th April, 1861, 10s. 6d. each.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—CHRISTMAS-DAY** this year falling on Tuesday, and a great desire being evinced to make the day previous a General Holiday, the usual CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES will COMMENCE on MONDAY, 24th DECEMBER.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Under the

Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees. The sensation created with the Public on the first representation of Balfe's New Legendary Opera was most enthusiastic. Continuous applause marked its progress from the rise until the fall of the curtain. The demand for places daily at the Box-office to witness this great musical work of our popular English composer places the Management in the proud position of announcing the performance of **BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE, EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.—EVERY EVENING**, Balfe's New Legendary Opera **BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE**, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Thirlwall; Messrs. A. Laurence, J. Wharton, H. Corri, A. St. Albyn, G. Kelly, Wallworth, T. Distin, Lyall, and W. Harrison. Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Orchestra of Eighty Performers. Chorus of Fifty Voices. Concluding with a Divertissement. Stage-Manager—Mr. Edward Stirling; Acting-Manager—Mr. Edward Murray. Doors open at Seven, Commence at half-past Seven. No charge for Booking, or fees to Box-keepers.—At Christmas, a GRAND PANTOMIME. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.

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1,000	397 10	1,397 10
100	39 15	139 15

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